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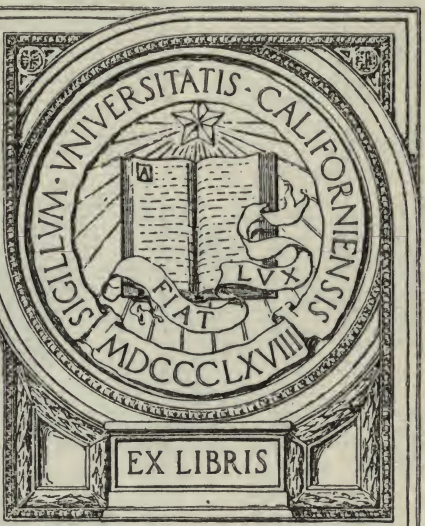
IN MEMORIAM
HENRY U. BRANDENSTEIN



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LEWESDON HILL.

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LEWESDON HILL,

WITH

OTHER POEMS.

BY

THE REV. WILLIAM CROWE,

PUBLIC ORATOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

Χαιρ' ω πεδον αγχιαλον,
Και μ' ευπλοια πεμψον αμεμπτως
Ενθ' ἡ μεγαλη μοιρα κομιζει,
————χψ πανδαματωρ
Δαιμων, ος ταυτ' επεκρανεν.

SOPH.

Farewell thy printless sands and pebbly shore!
I hear the white surge beat thy coast no more,
Pure, gentle source of the high, rapturous mood!—
— Where'er, like the great Flood, by thy dread force
Propell'd—shape Thou my calm, my blameless course,
Heaven, Earth, and Ocean's Lord!—and Father of the Good!

***

A CORRECTED AND MUCH ENLARGED EDITION, WITH NOTES.

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE-STREET.

1827.

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C952
1827

IN MEMORIAM

Henry U. Brandenstein

LONDON:
PRINTED BY THOMAS DAVISON, WHITEFRIARS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Hill which gives title to the following Poem is situated in the western part of Dorsetshire. This choice of a subject, to which the Author was led by his residence near the spot, may seem perhaps to confine him to topics of mere rural and local description. But he begs leave here to inform the Reader that he has advanced beyond those narrow limits to something more general and important. On the other hand he trusts, that in his farthest excursions the connexion between him and his sub-

M143891

ject will easily be traced. The few notes which are subjoined he thought necessary to elucidate the passages to which they refer. He will only add in this place, from Hutchins's History of Dorsetshire, (vol. i. p. 366), what is there said of Lewesdon (or, as it is now corruptly called, Lewson): "This and Pillesdon Hill surmount all the hills, though very high, between them and the sea. Mariners call them the *Cow and Calf*, in which forms they are fancied to appear, being eminent sea-marks to those who sail upon the coast."

To the top of this Hill the Author describes himself as walking on a May morning.

TO THE

RIGHT REV. FATHER IN GOD JONATHAN,

LORD BISHOP OF ST. ASAPH,

WHO, IN A LEARNED, FREE, AND LIBERAL AGE,

IS HIMSELF MOST HIGHLY DISTINGUISHED

BY EXTENSIVE, USEFUL, AND ELEGANT LEARNING,

BY A DISINTERESTED SUPPORT OF FREEDOM,

AND BY A TRULY CHRISTIAN LIBERALITY OF MIND,

THIS POEM,

WITH ALL RESPECT, IS DEDICATED

BY HIS LORDSHIP'S MOST OBLIGED

AND MOST OBEDIENT SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

Jan. 1788.

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LEWESDON HILL.

Up to thy summit, Lewesdon, to the brow
Of yon proud rising, where the lonely thorn
Bends from the rude South-east with top cut sheer
By his keen breath, along the narrow track,
By which the scanty-pastured sheep ascend
Up to thy furze-clad summit, let me climb,—
My morning exercise,—and thence look round

Upon the variegated scene, of hills
And woods and fruitful vales, and villages
Half hid in tufted orchards, and the sea
Boundless, and studded thick with many a sail.

Ye dew-fed vapours, nightly balm, exhaled
From earth, young herbs and flowers, that in the morn
Ascend as incense to the Lord of day,
I come to breathe your odours; while they float
Yet near this surface, let me walk embathed
In your invisible perfumes, to health
So friendly, nor less grateful to the mind,
Administering sweet peace and cheerfulness.

How changed is thy appearance, beauteous hill!
Thou hast put off thy wintry garb, brown heath
And russet fern, thy seemly-colour'd cloak
To bide the hoary frosts and dripping rains
Of chill December, and art gaily robed
In livery of the spring: upon thy brow
A cap of flowery hawthorn, and thy neck
Mantled with new-sprung furze and spangles thick
Of golden bloom: nor lack thee tufted woods
Adown thy sides: tall oaks of lusty green,
The darker fir, light ash, and the nesh tops
Of the young hazel join, to form thy skirts
In many a wavy fold of verdant wreath:—
So gorgeously hath Nature drest thee up

Against the birth of May: and, vested so,
Thou dost appear more gracefully array'd
Than Fashion's worshippers, whose gaudy shows,
Fantastical as are a sick man's dreams,
From vanity to costly vanity
Change ofter than the moon. Thy comely dress,
From sad to gay returning with the year,
Shall grace thee still till Nature's self shall change.

These are the beauties of thy woodland scene
At each return of spring: yet some[1] delight
Rather to view the change; and fondly gaze
On fading colours, and the thousand tints
Which Autumn lays upon the varying leaf:

I like them not, for all their boasted hues
Are kin to Sickliness; mortal Decay
Is drinking up their vital juice; that gone,
They turn to sear and yellow. Should I praise
Such false complexions, and for beauty take
A look consumption-bred? As soon, if gray
Were mixt in young Louisa's tresses brown,
I 'd call it beautiful variety,
And therefore dote on her. Yet I can spy
A beauty in that fruitful change, when comes
The yellow Autumn and the hopes o' the year
Brings on to golden ripeness; nor dispraise
The pure and spotless form of that sharp time,
When January spreads a pall of snow

O'er the dead face of th' undistinguish'd earth.
Then stand I in the hollow comb beneath,
And bless this friendly mount, that weather-fends
My reed-roof'd cottage, while the wintry blast
From the thick north comes howling: till the Spring
Return, who leads my devious steps abroad,
To climb, as now, to LEWESDON's airy top.

Above the noise and stir of yonder fields
Uplifted, on this height I feel the mind
Expand itself in wider liberty.
The distant sounds break gently on my sense,
Soothing to meditation: so methinks,
Even so, sequester'd from the noisy world,

Could I wear out this transitory being
In peaceful contemplation and calm ease.
But Conscience, which still censures on our acts,
That awful voice within us, and the sense
Of an Hereafter, wake and rouse us up
From such unshaped retirement; which were else
A blest condition on this earthly stage.
For who would make his life a life of toil
For wealth, o'erbalanced with a thousand cares;
Or power, which base compliance must uphold;
Or honour, lavish'd most on courtly slaves;
Or fame, vain breath of a misjudging world;
Who for such perishable gaudes would put
A yoke upon his free unbroken spirit,

And gall himself with trammels and the rubs
Of this world's business; so he might stand clear
Of judgment and the tax of idleness
In that dread audit, when his mortal hours
(Which now with soft and silent stealth pace by)
Must all be counted for? But, for this fear,
And to remove, according to our power,
The wants and evils of our brother's state,
'Tis meet we justle with the world; content,
If by our sovereign Master we be found
At last not profitless: for worldly meed,
Given or withheld, I deem of it alike.

From this proud eminence on all sides round
Th' unbroken prospect opens to my view,

On all sides large; save only where the head
Of Pillesdon rises, Pillesdon's lofty Pen:
So call (still rendering to his ancient name
Observance due) that rival Height south-west,
Which like a rampire bounds the vale beneath.
There woods, there blooming orchards, there are seen
Herds ranging, or at rest beneath the shade
Of some wide-branching oak; there goodly fields
Of corn, and verdant pasture, whence the kine
Returning with their milky treasure home
Store the rich dairy: such fair plenty fills
The pleasant vale of Marshwood, pleasant now,
Since that the Spring has deck'd anew the meads

With flowery vesture, and the warmer sun
Their foggy moistness drain'd; in wintry days
Cold, vapourish, miry, wet, and to the flocks
Unfriendly, when autumnal rains begin
To drench the spungy turf: but ere that time
The careful shepherd moves to healthier soil,
Rechasing, lest his tender ewes should coath[2]
In the dank pasturage. Yet not the fields
Of *Evesham*, nor that ample valley named
Of the *White Horse*, its antique monument
Carved in the chalky bourne, for beauty and wealth
Might equal, though surpassing in extent,
This fertile vale, in length from LEWESDON's base
Extended to the sea, and water'd well

By many a rill; but chief with thy clear stream,
Thou nameless Rivulet, who, from the side
Of LEWESDON softly welling forth, dost trip
Adown the valley, wandering sportively.
Alas, how soon thy little course will end!
How soon thy infant stream shall lose itself
In the salt mass of waters, ere it grow
To name or greatness! Yet it flows along
Untainted with the commerce of the world,
Nor passing by the noisy haunts of men;
But through sequester'd meads, a little space,
Winds secretly, and in its wanton path
May cheer some drooping flower, or minister
Of its cool water to the thirsty lamb:

Then falls into the ravenous sea, as pure
As when it issued from its native hill.

So to thine early grave didst thou run on,
Spotless Francesca, so, after short course,
Thine innocent and playful infancy
Was swallowed up in death, and thy pure spirit
In that illimitable gulf which bounds
Our mortal continent. But not there lost,
Not there extinguish'd, as some falsely teach,
Who can talk much and learnedly of life,
Who know our frame and fashion, who can tell
The substance and the properties of man,
As they had seen him made,—aye and stood by

Spies on Heaven's work. They also can discourse
Wisely, to prove that what must be must be,
And show how thoughts are jogg'd out of the brain
By a mechanical impulse; pushing on
The minds of us, poor unaccountables,
To fatal resolution. Know they not,
That in this mortal life, whate'er it be,
We take the path that leads to good or evil,
And therein find our bliss or misery?
And this includes all reasonable ends
Of knowledge or of being; farther to go
Is toil unprofitable, and th' effect
Most perilous wandering. Yet of this be sure,
Where freedom is not, there no virtue is:

If there be none, this world is all a cheat,
And the divine stability of Heaven
(That assured seat for good men after death)
Is but a transient cloud, display'd so fair
To cherish virtuous hope, but at our need
Eludes the sense, and fools our honest faith,
Vanishing in a lie. If this be so,
Were it not better to be born a beast,
Only to feel what is, and thus to 'scape
The aguish fear that shakes the afflicted breast
With sore anxiety of what shall be—
And all for nought? Since our most wicked act
Is not our sin, and our religious awe
Delusion, if that strong Necessity

Chains up our will. But that the mind is free,
The Mind herself, best judge of her own state,
Is feelingly convinced; nor to be moved
By subtle words, that may perplex the head,
But ne'er persuade the heart. Vain argument,
That with false weapons of Philosophy
Fights against Hope, and Sense, and Nature's
strength!

See how the Sun, here clouded, afar off
Pours down the golden radiance of his light
Upon the enridged sea; where the black ship
Sails on the phosphor-seeming waves. So fair,
But falsely-flattering, was yon surface calm,

When forth for India sail'd, in evil time,
That Vessel, whose disastrous fate, when told,
Fill'd every breast with horror, and each eye
With piteous tears, so cruel was the loss[3].
Methinks I see her, as, by the wintry storm
Shatter'd and driven along past yonder Isle,
She strove, her latest hope, by strength or art,
To gain the port within it, or at worst
To shun that harbourless and hollow coast
From Portland eastward to the Promontory[4],
Where still St. Alban's high built chapel stands.
But art nor strength avail her—on she drives,
In storm and darkness to the fatal coast:
And there 'mong rocks and high-o'erhanging cliffs

Dash'd piteously, with all her precious freight
Was lost, by Neptune's wild and foamy jaws
Swallow'd up quick! The richliest-laden ship
Of spicy Ternate, or that Annual, sent
To the Philippines o'er the Southern main
From Acapulco, carrying massy gold,
Were poor to this;—freighted with hopeful Youth,
And Beauty, and high Courage undismayed
By mortal terrors, and paternal Love
Strong, and unconquerable even in death—
Alas, they perish'd all, all in one hour!

Now yonder high way view, wide-beaten, bare
With ceaseless tread of men and beasts, and track

Of many indenting wheels, heavy and light,
That in their different courses as they pass,
Rush violently down precipitate,
Or slowly turn, oft resting, up the steep.
Mark how that road, with mazes serpentine,
From Shipton's[5] bottom to the lofty down
Winds like a path of pleasure, drawn by art
Through park or flowery garden for delight.
Nor less delightful this—if, while he mounts
Not wearied, the free Journeyer will pause
To view the prospect oft, as oft to see
Beauty still changing: yet not so contrived
By fancy, or choice, but of necessity,
By soft gradations of ascent to lead

The labouring and way-worn feet along,
And make their toil less toilsome. Half way up,
Or nearer to the top, behold a cot,
O'er which the branchy trees, those sycamores,
Wave gently: at their roots a rustic bench
Invites to short refreshment, and to taste
What grateful beverage the house may yield
After fatigue, or dusty heat; thence call'd
The TRAVELLER'S REST. Welcome, embower'd seat,
Friendly repose to the slow passenger
Ascending, ere he takes his sultry way
Along th' interminable road, stretch'd out
Over th' unshelter'd down; or when at last
He has that hard and solitary path

Measured by painful steps. And blest are they,
Who in life's toilsome journey may make pause
After a march of glory: yet not such
As rise in causeless war, troubling the world
By their mad quarrel, and in fields of blood
Hail'd victors, thence renown'd, and call'd on earth
Kings, heroes, demi-gods, but in high Heaven
Thieves, ruffians, murderers; these find no repose:
Thee rather, patriot Conqueror, to thee
Belongs such rest; who in the western world,
Thine own deliver'd country, for thyself
Hast planted an immortal grove, and there,
Upon the glorious mount of Liberty
Reposing, sit'st beneath the palmy shade.

And Thou, not less renown'd in like attempt
Of high achievement, though thy virtue fail'd
To save thy little country, Patriot Prince,
Hero, Philosopher—what more could they
Who wisely chose thee, PAOLI, to bless
Thy native Isle, long struggling to be free?
But Heaven allow'd not—yet may'st thou repose
After thy glorious toil, secure of fame
Well-earn'd by virtue: while ambitious France,
Who stretch'd her lawless hand to seize thine isle,
Enjoys not rest or glory; with her prey
Gorged but not satisfied, and craving still
Against th' intent of Nature. See Her now
Upon the adverse shore, her Norman coast,

Plying[6] her monstrous labour unrestrained!
A rank of castles in the rough sea sunk,
With towery shape and height, and armed heads
Uprising o'er the surge; and these between,
Unmeasurable mass of ponderous rock
Projected many a mile to rear her wall
Midst the deep waters. She, the mighty work
Still urging, in her arrogant attempt,
As with a lordly voice to the Ocean cries,
'Hitherto come, no farther; here be staid
'The raging of thy waves; within this bound
'Be all my haven'—and therewith takes in
A space of amplest circuit, wide and deep,
Won from the straiten'd main: nor less in strength

Than in dimensions, giant-like in both,—
On each side flank'd with citadels and towers
And rocky walls, and arches massy proof
Against the storm of war. Compared with this
Less,[7] and less hazardous emprize achieved
Resistless Alexander, when he cast
The strong foundations of that high-raised mound
Deep in the hostile waves, his martial way,
Built on before him up to sea-girt Tyre.
Nor [8]aught so bold, so vast, so wonderful,
At Athos or the fetter'd Hellespont,
Imagined in his pride that Asian vain,
Xerxes,—but ere he turn'd from Salamis
Flying through the blood-red waves in one poor bark,

Retarded by thick-weltering carcasses.
Nor[9] yet that elder work (if work it were,
Not fable) raised upon the Phrygian shore,
(Where lay the fleet confederate against Troy,
A thousand ships behind the vasty mole
All shelter'd) could with this compare, though built
It seem'd, of greatness worthy to create
Envy in the immortals; and at last
Not overthrown without th' embattled aid
Of angry Neptune. So may He once more
Rise from his troubled bed, and send his waves,
Urged on to fury by contending winds,
With horned violence to push and whelm
This pile, usurping on his watry reign!

From hostile shores returning, glad I look
On native scenes again; and first salute
Thee, Burton[10], and thy lofty cliff, where oft
The nightly blaze is kindled; further seen
Than erst was that love-tended cresset, hung
Beside the Hellespont: yet not like that
Inviting to the hospitable arms
Of Beauty and Youth, but lighted up, the sign
Of danger, and of ambush'd foes to warn
The stealth-approaching Vessel, homeward bound
From Havre or the Norman isles, with freight
Of wines and hotter drinks, the trash of France,
Forbidden merchandize. Such fraud to quell
Many a light skiff and well-appointed sloop

Lies hovering near the coast, or hid behind
Some curved promontory, in hope to seize
These contraband: vain hope! on that high shore
Station'd, th' associates of their lawless trade
Keep watch, and to their fellows off at sea
Give the known signal; they with fearful haste
Observant, put about the ship, and plunge
Into concealing darkness. As a fox,
That from the cry of hounds and hunters' din
Runs crafty down the wind, and steals away
Forth from his cover, hopeful so t' elude
The not yet following pack,—if chance the shout
Of eager or unpractised boy betray
His meditated flight, back he retires

To shelter him in the thick wood: so these
Retiring, ply to south, and shun the land
Too perilous to approach: and oft at sea
Secure (or ever nigh the guarded coast
They venture) to the trackless deep they trust
Their forfeitable cargo, rundlets small,
Together link'd upon their cable's length,
And to the shelving bottom sunk and fixt
By stony weights; till happier hour arrive
To land it on the vacant beach unrisk'd.

But what is yonder Hill[11], whose dusky brow
Wears, like a regal diadem, the round
Of ancient battlements and ramparts high,

And frowns upon the vales? I know thee not—
Thou hast no name, no honourable note,
No chronicle of all thy warlike pride,
To testify what once thou wert, how great,
How glorious, and how fear'd. So perish all,
Who seek their greatness in dominion held
Over their fellows, or the pomp of war,
And be as thou forgotten, and their fame
Cancell'd like thine! But thee in after times
Reclaim'd to culture, Shepherds visited,
And call'd thee Orgarston; so thee they call'd
Of Orgar, Saxon Earl, the wealthy sire
Of fair Elfrida; She, whose happy Bard
Has with his gentle witchery so wrought

Upon our sense, that we can see no more
Her mad ambition, treacherous cruelty,
And purple robes of state with royal blood
Inhospitably stain'd; but in their place
Pure faith, soft manners, filial duty meek,
Connubial love, and stoles of saintly white.

Sure 'tis all false what poets fondly tell
Of rural innocence and village love;
Else had thy simple annals, Nethercombe,
Who bosom'd in the vale below dost look
This morn so cheerful, been unstain'd with crimes,
Which the pale rustic shudders to relate.
There lived, the blessing of her father's age,—

I fable not, nor will with fabled names
Varnish a melancholy tale all true,—
A lowly maid; lowly, but like that flower,
Which grows in lowly place, and thence has name,
Lily o' the vale, within her parent leaves
As in retreat she lives; yet fair and sweet
Above the gaudiest Blooms, that flaunt abroad,
And play with every wanton breath of Heaven.
Thus innocent, her beauties caught the eye
Of a young villager, whose vows of love
Soon won her easy faith: her sire meantime,
Alas! nor knowing nor suspecting ought,
Till that her shape, erewhile so graceful seen,
(Dian first rising after change was not

More delicate) betray'd her secret act,
And grew to guilty fulness: then farewell
Her maiden dignity, and comely pride,
And virtuous reputation. But this loss
Worse follow'd, loss of shame, and wilful wreck
Of what was left her yet of good, or fair,
Or decent: now her meek and gentle voice
To petulant turn'd; her simply-neat attire
To sluttish tawdry: her once timid eye
Grew fix'd, and parley'd wantonly with those
It look'd on. Change detestable! For she,
Erewhile the light of her fond father's house,
Became a grievous darkness: but his heart
Endured not long; all in despair he went

Into the chambers of the grave, to seek
A comfortless repose from sorrow and shame.
What then befell this daughter desolate?
For He, the partner of her earliest fault,
Had left her, false perhaps, or in dislike
Of her light carriage. What could then befall,
What else, but of her self-injurious life
The too sad penance—hopeless penury,
Loathsome disease unpitied, and thereto
The brand of all-avoided infamy
Set on her, like the fearful token o'er
A plague-infested house:—at length to death
Impatient and distract she made bold way.

Fain would I view thee, Corscombe, fain would hail
The ground where Hollis[12] lies; his choice retreat,
Where, from the busy world withdrawn, he lived
To generous Virtue, and the holy love
Of Liberty, a dedicated spirit;
And left his ashes there; still honouring
Thy fields, with title given of patriot names,
But more with his untitled sepulchre.
That envious ridge conceals thee from my sight,
Which, passing o'er thy place north-east, looks on
To Sherburne's ancient towers and rich domains,
The noble Digby's mansion; where he dwells
Inviolate, and fearless of thy curse,

War-glutted Osmund,[13] superstitious Lord!
Who with Heaven's justice for a bloody life
Madest thy presumptuous bargain; giving more
Than thy just having to redeem thy guilt,
And darest bid th' Almighty to become
The minister of thy curse. But sure it fell,
So bigots fondly judged, full sure it fell
With sacred vengeance pointed on the head
Of many a bold usurper: chief on thine
(Favourite of Fortune once, but last her thrall),
Accomplish'd[14] Raleigh! in that lawless day
When, like a goodly hart, thou wert beset
With crafty blood-hounds, lurching for thy life,
While as they feign'd to chase thee fairly down;

And that foul Scot, the minion-kissing King,
Pursued with havoc in the tyrannous hunt.

How is it vanish'd in a hasty spleen,
The Tor of Glastonbury! Even but now
I saw the hoary pile cresting the top
Of that north-western hill; and in this Now
A cloud hath pass'd on it, and its dim bulk
Becomes annihilate, or if not, a spot
Which the strain'd vision tires itself to find.

And even so fares it with the things of earth
Which seem most constant: there will come the cloud
That shall infold them up, and leave their place

A seat for Emptiness. Our narrow ken
Reaches too far, when all that we behold
Is but the havoc of wide-wasting Time,
Or what he soon shall spoil. His outspread wings
(Which bear him like an eagle o'er the earth)
Are plumed in front so downy soft, they seem
To foster what they touch, and mortal fools
Rejoice beneath their hovering: woe the while!
For in that indefatigable flight
The multitudinous strokes incessantly
Bruise all beneath their cope, and mark on all
His secret injury; on the front of man
Gray hairs and wrinkles; still as Time speeds on
Hard and more hard his iron pennons beat

With ceaseless violence; nor overpass,
Till all the creatures of this nether world
Are one wide quarry: following dark behind,
The cormorant Oblivion swallows up
The carcasses that Time has made his prey.

But, hark! the village clock strikes nine—the chimes
Merrily follow, tuneful to the sense
Of the pleased clown attentive, while they make
False-measured melody on crazy bells.
O wond'rous Power of modulated sound!
Which, like the air (whose all-obedient shape
Thou makest thy slave), canst subtilly pervade

The yielded avenues of sense, unlock
The close affections, by some fairy path
Winning an easy way through every ear,
And with thine unsubstantial quality
Holding in mighty chains the hearts of all;
All, but some cold and sullen-temper'd spirits,
Who feel no touch of sympathy or love.

Yet what is music, and the blended power
Of voice with instruments of wind and string?
What but an empty pageant of sweet noise?
'Tis past: and all that it has left behind
Is but an echo dwelling in the ear

Of the toy-taken fancy, and beside,
A void and countless hour in life's brief day.

But ill accords my verse with the delights
Of this gay month:—and see the Villagers
Assembling jocund in their best attire
To grace this genial morn. Now I descend
To join the worldly crowd; perchance to talk,
To think, to act as they: then all these thoughts,
That lift th' expanded heart above this spot
To heavenly musing, these shall pass away
(Even as this goodly prospect from my view)
Hidden by near and earthy-rooted cares.
So passeth human life—our better mind

Is as a Sunday's garment, then put on
When we have nought to do; but at our work
We wear a worse for thrift. Of this enough:
To-morrow for severer thought; but now
To breakfast, and keep festival to-day.

NOTES.

NOTES.

Note 1, page 4, line 10.

At each return of spring: yet some delight, &c.

An adventitious beauty, arising from that gradual decay, which loosens the withering leaf, gilds the autumnal landscape with a temporary splendor superior to the verdure of spring, or the luxuriance of summer. The infinitely various and ever-changing hues of the leaves at this season, melting into every soft gradation of tint and shade, have long engaged the imitation of the painter, and are equally happy ornaments in the description of the poet.—Aikin's Essay on the Character of Thompson's Seasons, prefixed to his edition of them, 1791.

Note 2, p. 10, line 7.

Rechasing, lest his tender ewes should coath.

To *coath*, Skinner says, is a word common in Lincolnshire, and signifies, to *faint*. He derives it from the Anglo-Saxon coðe, a *disease*. In Dorsetshire it is in common use, but it is used of sheep only: a *coathed* sheep is a *rotten* sheep; to *coath* is to *take the rot*.

Rechasing is also a term in that county appropriated to flocks : *to chase and rechase* is to drive sheep at certain times from one sort of ground to another, or from one parish to another.

The author having ventured to introduce some provincial and other terms, takes this occasion to say, that it is a liberty in which he has not indulged himself, but when he conceived them to be allowable for the sake of ornament or expression.

Note 3, page 16, line 4.

With piteous tears, so cruel was the loss.

The distressful condition of the Halswell here alluded to is thus circumstantially described in the narrative of her loss, p. 13.

" Thursday the 5th, at two in the morning, the wind came to the southward, blew fresh, and the weather was very thick; at noon Portland was seen, bearing N. by E. distance two or three leagues; at eight at night it blew a strong gale at S. and at this time the Portland lights were seen bearing N. W. distance four or five leagues, when they wore ship, and got her head to the westward; but finding they lost ground upon that tack, they wore again, and kept stretching on eastward, in hopes to have weathered Peverel-point, in which case they intended to have anchored in Studland Bay: at 11 at night it cleared, and they saw St. Alban's-head a mile and a half to the leeward of them; upon which they took in sail immediately, and let go the small bower

anchor, which brought up the ship at a whole cable, and she rode for about an hour, but then drove; they now let go the sheet anchor, and wore away a whole cable, and the ship rode for about two hours longer, when she drove again. They were then driving very fast on shore, and might expect every moment to strike!"

Note 4, page 16, line 10.

From Portland eastward to the Promontory.

"Not far from this (Encombe) stands *St. Aldene*'s Chapel; which took name from the dedication to St. Adeline, the first bishop of Sherbourne in this shire: but now it serves for a sea-mark."—Coker's Survey of Dorsetshire, p. 47.

"Near the sea is the high land of *St. Aldhelm*'s, commonly called *St. Alban*'s, a noted sea-mark. The cliff here is 147 yards perpendicular. On this promontory, about a mile south of *Worth*, stands a chapel of the same name." Hutchins's Dorsetsh. vol. i. p. 228. But this headland is not marked by name in Hutchins's map. "The very utter part of *St. Aldhelm*'s point is five miles from *Sandwich* (*Swanwich*)."—Lel. Itin. vol. iii. p. 53.

Note 5, page 18, line 6.

From Shipton's bottom to the lofty down.

Shipton is a hill, which, according to common report, is so called from its shape; the top of it being

formed like a ship with the keel upwards. It stands three miles from Bridport on the road towards London; which road passes by the foot of it to the North.

Note 6, page 22, line 1.

Plying her monstrous labour unrestrained.

The works now carrying on at Cherburgh, (A. D. 1787) to make a haven for ships of war, are principally the following. Of these however it is not intended to give a full description; but only to mention some particulars, from which an idea may be formed of the greatness of the scheme.

In the open sea, above a league from the town, and within half a mile west of a rock called *L'isle Pelée*, a pier is begun, with design of conducting it on to the shore somewhat beyond *Point Hommet*, about two miles westward of Cherburgh. In order to this, a strong frame of timber-work, of the shape of a truncated cone, having been constructed on the beach, was buoyed out, and sunk in a depth of water; which at lowest ebb is 35 feet, and where the tide rises near 20 feet. The diameter of this cone at bottom is about 60 yards, its height 70 feet; and the area on its top large enough to receive a battery of cannon, with which it is hereafter to be fortified. Its solid contents are 2500 French toises; which, in our measure (allowing the French foot to be to the English as 144 to 135), will amount to 24,250 cubic yards nearly. Several other cones, of

equal dimensions, are sunk at convenient distances from each other, forming the line of the pier: their number, when complete, it is said, will be forty. As soon as any one of these is carried to its place, it is filled with stones, which are dug from mount *Rouille* and other rocks near the coast, and brought on horses to the shore: whence they are conveyed to the cones in vessels of forty, sixty, or eighty tons burden. In like manner, but with much greater labour and expense, the spaces between the cones are filled up with stones thrown loosely into the sea, till the heap is raised above the water. On this mass, as on a foundation, a wall of masonry-work is to be erected. The length of the whole is near five miles. On *L'isle Pelée* and *Point Hommet* before-mentioned large fortifications are constructed bomb-proof, to defend the haven and pier. It is the opinion of some persons that this stupendous mole may be injured or destroyed by what is called a ground-sea, *i. e.* a sea when the waters are agitated to the bottom; and this happens when a strong wind, after having put the waves in motion, suddenly shifts to the opposite quarter. The description given in the Poem of this vast undertaking closes with an allusion to this opinion.

Note 7, page 23, lines 5 and 6.

Less and less hazardous emprize achieved
Resistless Alexander.

Quint. Curt. lib. 4, cap. 2, 3.

Note 8, page 23, line 10.

Nor aught so bold, so vast, so wonderful.

—— creditur olim
Velificatus Athos—
Densa cadavera prora.
Juv. Sat. x. v. 173. 186.

Note 9, page 24, line 2.

Nor yet that elder work.

—— τειχος εδειμαν,——
—— αμαλδυνηται Αχαιων.
Hom. Il. vii. v. 436. 463.

Ὡς ὁ μεν εν κλισιησι,—
—— καλλιροον ὑδωρ.
Il. xii. v. 1, 33.

Note 10, page 25, line 3.

Thee, Burton, and thy lofty cliff.

Burton is a village near the sea, lying S. E. from Lewesdon, and about two miles S. of Shipton hill before mentioned. The cliff is among the loftiest of all upon that coast; and smugglers often take advantage of its height for the purpose related in the poem.

Note 11, page 27, line 11.

But what is yonder Hill, whose dusky brow.

" Eggardon Hill is a very high hill, and gives name

to the hundred. Mr. Coker says it is uncertain whether it takes its name from Edgar, king of the West Saxons, or from Orgarus, earl of Cornwall: and indeed this last derivation is the truest; there being little reason to doubt that it is the old *Orgarestone*. The camp on the brow of this hill is a large and strong fortification, and seems to be Roman."—Hutchins's Dorset, vol. i. p. 289; where there is an engraving of this camp. But Hutchins has misrepresented Mr. Coker, who indeed prefers the derivation from Orgar. His words are these: "That it takes name from Edgar, the West Saxon king, I dare not affirm, having nothing to prove it but the nearnesse of the name. It better likes me to think this the place which in Doomsday-book is called Orgareston; but whether it take name from Orgareus, earl of Cornwall, I know not; though I think I should run into no great error to believe it."—Coker's Survey of Dorsetshire, p. 26.

Note 12, page 33, line 2.

The ground where Hollis lies; his choice retreat.

"Mr. Hollis, in order to preserve the memory of those heroes and patriots for whom he had a veneration, as the assertors and defenders of his country, called many of the farms and fields in his estate at Corscombe by their names; and by these names they are still distinguished. In the middle of one of those fields, not far from his house, he ordered his corpse to be deposited in a

grave ten feet deep; and that the field should be immediately ploughed over, that no trace of his burial-place might remain."—Memoirs of Thomas Hollis, Esq. vol. i. p. 481.

Note 13, page 34, line 1.

War-glutted Osmond, superstitious lord!

Of the strange curse belonging to Shireburne-Castle. From a MS. of the late Bishop of Ely (Bishop John More) now in the Royal Library at Cambridge.

"Osmund, a Norman knight, who had served *William* Duke of *Normandy* from his youth, in all his wars against the French king, and the duke's (*William*'s) subjects, with much valour and discretion, for all his faithful service (when his master had by conquest obteyned the crown of England) was rewarded with many great gifts; among the which was the earldome of *Dorsett*, and the gift of many other possessions, whereof the castle and baronie of *Sherburne* were parcell. But Osmund, in the declyninge of his age, calling to mynde the great effusion of blood which, from his infancie, he had shedd; he resolved to leave all worldly delights, and betake himself to a religious life, the better to contemplate on his former sinnes, and to obteyn pardon for them. And, with much importunitie, having gotten leave of the kinge (who was unwilling to want the assistance of so grave and worthy a counsellor) to resign his temporal honors; and having obteyned the

bishoprick of *Sarum*, he gave *Sherburne*, with other lands, to the bishoprick. To which gift he annexed this curse:—

"'That whosoever should take those lands from the bishoprick, or diminish them in great or in small, should be accursed, not only in this world, but also in the world to come; unless in his life-time he made restitution thereof.' And so he died bishop of Sarum."

Those lands continued in the possession of his successors till the reign of King Stephen, who took them away: "whereupon (says this account) his prosperity forsook him." King Stephen being dead, "these lands came into the hands of some of the *Montagues* (after earles of *Sarum*), who whilest they held the same, underwent many disasters. For one or other of them fell by misfortune. And finally, all the males of them became extinct, and the earldome received an end in their name. So ill was their success."

After this the lands were restored to the bishoprick; but were taken away a second time by the Duke of Somerset, in the reign of Edward VI.; "when the duke, being hunting in the parke of *Sherburne*, he was sent for presently unto the kinge (to whome he was protector) and at his coming up to *London*, was forthwith committed unto the *Tower*, and shortly after lost his head." The lands then, in a suit at law, were adjudged to the Bishop of Sarum; and so remained, "till Sir Walter Raleigh procured a grant of them; he after-

wards unfortunately lost them, and at last his head also. Upon his attainder they came, by the king's gift, to Prince *Henry;* who died not long after the possession thereof. After Prince *Henry*'s death, the Earle of *Somerset* (*Carr*) did possesse them. Finally, he lost them, and many other fortunes."—Peck's Desid. Cur. Lib. 14. No. 6.

Note 14, page 34, line 11.

Accomplish'd Raleigh! in that lawless day.

"How Dr. *John Coldwell,* of a physitian, became a bishop, I have heard by more than a good many; and I will briefly handle it, and as tenderly as I can; bearing myself equal between the living (Sir *Walter Raleigh*) and the dead (Bishop *Coldwell*). Yet the manifest judgements of God on both of them I may not pass over with silence. And to speak first of the knight, who carried off the *Spolia opima* of the bishoprick. He, having gotten *Sherborne* castle, park, and parsonage, was in those days in so great favour with the queen, as I may boldly say, that with less suit than he was fain to make to her, ere he could perfect this his purchase, and with less money than he bestowed since in *Sherborne* (in building, and buying out leases, and in drawing the river through rocks into his garden), he might, very justly, and without offence of either church or state, have compassed a much better purchase. Also, as I have been truly informed, he had a presage before he first attempted it,

which did foreshow it would turn to his ruin, and might have kept him from meddling with it, *Si mens non læva fuisset:* for, as he was riding post between *Plymouth* and the court (as many times he did upon no small employments), this castle being right in the way, he cast such an eye upon it as *Ahab* did upon *Naboth's* vineyard. And, once above the rest, being talking of it (of the commodiousness of the place, of the strength of the seat, and how easily it might be got from the bishoprick, suddenly over and over came his horse, that his very face (which was then thought a very good face) plowed up the earth where he fell. This fall was ominous, I make no question; and himself was apt to construe it so. But his brother *Adrian* would needs have him interpret it as a conqueror, that his fall presaged the quiet possession of it. And accordingly, for the present, it so fell out. So that with much labor, cost, envy, and obloquy, he got it *habendum et tenendum* to him and his heirs. But see what became of him. In the public joy and jubilee of the whole realm (when favor, peace, and pardon, were offered even to offenders), he who in wit, in wealth, in courage, was inferior to few, fell suddenly (I cannot tell how) into such a downfall of despair, as his greatest enemy would not have wished him so much harm, as he would have done himself. Can any man be so willfully blind as not to see, and say, *Digitus Dei hic est!*"—Harrington's Brief View, p. 88.

To these Notes are added the following, taken from Æschylus, to show the resemblance between the expressions of that author and certain passages in this poem.

——— Let me walk embathed
In your invisible perfumes.—P. 2, v. 16.

Τις οδμα προσεπλα μ' αφεγης; Prom. Vinc. 115.

——— For worldly meed,
Given or withheld, I deem of it alike.—P. 8, v. 98.

συ δ' αινειν ειτε με ψεγειν θελεις,
Ομοιον. Agam. 1412.

The aguish fear that shakes th' afflicted breast
With sore anxiety of what shall be—
And all for nought.—P. 14, v. 179.

ματαιος εκ νυκλων φοβος
Κινει, ταρασσει, και διωκεται πολεως
Χαλχηκλαλῳ πλαγιγγι λυμανθεν δεμας. Choeph. 286.

To shun that harbourless and hollow coast.—
P. 16, v. 204.

μολονλες αλιμενον χθονα
Ες νυκλ' αποβειχοντος ἡλιου, φιλει
Ωδινα τικλειν νυξ κυβερνητη σοφῳ. Supplices, 775.

——— the promontory
Where still St. Alban's high-built chapel stands.—
P. 16. v. 205.

Την αιπυνωτον αμφι Δωδωνην, ινα
Μαντεια θωκος τ' εστι Θεσπρωτου Διος. Prom. Vinct. 829.

Was lost, by Neptune's wild and foamy jaws
Swallow'd up quick.—P. 17, v. 211.

ενθεν εκραγησονται ποτε
Ποταμοι πυρος δαπτοντες αγριαις γναθοις. Prom. Vinct. 367.

Alas! they perish'd all: all in one hour!—P. 17, v. 220.

In the Persæ the Chorus demand of Xerxes what was become of his friends the Nobles: he answers, "I left them wrecked on the shores of Salamis:" they ask farther, "Where is Pharnuchus and Ariomardus? Where is the royal Sebalces?" &c. Xerxes replies,

Ιω, ιω, μοι μοι
παντες
Ενι πιτυλῳ,
(Ε, ε, ε,) τλαμωνες
Ασπαιρουσι χερσῳ. 978.

——— flank'd with citadels and towers,
And rocky walls, and arches massy-proof
Against the storm of war.—P. 23, v. 292.

Συ δ' ωςε νηος κεδνος οιακοςροφος
Φραξαι πολισμα, πριν καταιγισαι πνοας
Αρεος. Sept. cont. Theb. 62.

With horned violence to push and whelm
This pile.—P. 24, v. 319.

ἁι δε, κερωτυπωμεναι βιῳ
Χειμωνοτυφῳ, συν ζαλῃ τ' ομβροκτυπῳ. Agam. 664.

Χειμωνοτυφῳ; so I read the passage, instead of Χειμωνι, τυφω, κτλ.

In the Supplices of this author there is a similar phrase on a similar subject,

Πεμψατε ποντονδ', ενθα δε λαιλαπι
Χειμωνοτυπῳ, βροντῃ ςεροπῃ
Τ', ομβροφοροισι τ' ανεμοις αγριας
Αλος αντησαντες ολοιντο. 34.

In the Clouds of Aristophanes, A. 1. S. 4, this word occurs, ἑκατογκεφαλατυφω, and the Scholiast says, in τυφων or τυφως the first syllable is long.

To generous Virtue, and the holy love
Of liberty, a dedicated spirit.—P. 33, v. 433.

In the Eumenides the Fury calls Orestes

δαιμοναν σκια
Εμοι τραφεις τε και καθιερωμενος. 303.

So fares it with the things of earth
Which seem most constant: there will come the cloud
That shall enfold them up.—P. 35, v. 466.

Ιω θροτεια πραγματ'· ευτυχηντα μεν
Σκια τις αντρεψειεν. Agam. 1336.

The multitudinous strokes incessantly
Bruise all, &c.—P. 36, v. 478.

There is a singular similarity in the length of the words here, and in the following passage of the Choephori, where Electra speaks of the murder of her fa-

ther; intending, perhaps, to express the multitude of wounds by the polysyllabic term;

πολυπλαγκτα δ' ην ιδειν
Επασσυτεροτριβη τα χερος ορεγματα. 423.

POEMS.

INSCRIBED BENEATH THE PICTURE OF AN ASS.

Meek animal, whose simple mien
Provokes th' insulting eye of Spleen,
To mock the melancholy train
Of patience in thy front display'd,
By thy Great Author fitly so portray'd,
To character the sorrows of thy late;
Sad, Her of misery, what to thee
Is life?—A long, long, gloomy stage
Through the sad vale of labour and of pain!

INSCRIBED BENEATH THE PICTURE OF AN ASS.

MEEK animal, whose simple mien
Provokes th' insulting eye of Spleen
To mock the melancholy trait
Of patience in thy front display'd,
By thy Great Author fitly so pourtray'd,
To character the sorrows of thy fate;
Say, Heir of misery, what to thee
Is life?—A long, long, gloomy stage
Through the sad vale of labour and of pain!

No pleasure hath thine youth, no rest thine age,
Nor in the vasty round of this terrene
Hast thou a friend to set thee free,
Till Death, perhaps too late,
In the dark evening of thy cheerless day,
Shall take thee, fainting on thy way,
From the rude storm of unresisted hate.

Yet dares the erroneous crowd to mark
With folly thy despised race,
Th' ungovernable pack, who bark
With impious howlings in Heaven's awful face,
If e'er on their impatient head
Affliction's bitter show'r is shed.

But 'tis the weakness of thy kind
Meekly to bear the inevitable sway;
The wisdom of the human mind
Is to murmur and obey.

ODE

TO THE LYRIC MUSE.

SPOKEN IN THE THEATRE AT THE INSTALLATION OF LORD NORTH, CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

STROPHE I.

FAIR sov'reign of the golden lyre,
Descend, Thalia, from th' enchanted grove
Of Mona, where thou lov'st to rove,
List'ning the echoes of thy Druid quire;
The ling'ring sounds that yet respire
Waked by the breezes of the Western main;
And bring some high and solemn strain,

Such as was heard that solemn day

When Rome's dread Eagle stoop'd to prey

On Mona's free-born sons, while Liberty

Struck on the magic harp her dying song.—

Dealing vengeance on her foes,

The mortal Genius of battle rose,

And call'd Despair and Death to lead her host along.

STROPHE II.

O, Muse divine! whene'er thy strain

Devotes the tyrant head to shame,

The Patriot Virtues brighten in thy train;

And Glory hears the loud appeal;
And thou, unconquerable flame,
First-born of ancient Freedom, Public Zeal:
Thou in the dark and dreary hour
When Tyranny her dragon-wing outspread,
And Sloth a sullen influence shed,
And every coward Vice that loves the night
Revell'd on Corsica's ill-fated shore;
Thou didst one dauntless heart inflame,
Lo, Paoli, father of his country, came,
And with a giant-voice
Cried, "Liberty!" unto the drowsy race
That slept in Slav'ry's dull embrace;
Roused at the sound, they hail'd thy glorious choice,

And ev'ry manly breast
Shook off the unnerving load of rest;
And Virtue chasing the foul forms of night,
Rose like a summer sun, and shed a golden light.

ANTISTROPHE I.

But, ah! how sunk her veiled head,
Untimely dimm'd by Gaul's o'ershadowing pow'r—
And shalt thou rise, fair isle, no more?
Thy patriot heroes sleep among the dead:
Thy gallant virtues all are fled;
Save Fortitude, sole refuge from despair.
O Gaul, Oppression's blood-stain'd heir,

Let me not tell how, taught by thee,
England's rude sons smote Liberty
On Vincent's sable rock, her Indian throne:—
Not unavenged; for in her cause the sky
Storms and fiery vapours pour'd,
While Pestilence waved wide his tainted sword
To smite * . . . . .

EPODE.

Then, O Thalia! let thy sacred shell
Wake the lofty sounds that swell

* The remainder of this, and the whole of the second antistrophe, were not repeated in the theatre, having been suppressed by the academical authorities, on account of their political sentiments, and subsequently lost.

With rapture unreproved the patriot breast!

Robed in her many-colour'd vest

On Isis' banks shall Science stand,

Waving in her bounteous hand

A wond'rous chaplet; high reward

Of toils, by public virtue dared:

And while to claim the envied meed

Fair Fame her vot'ries leads, thy voice,

O Muse, shall join th' applauded choice

That fix'd the glorious wreath on FREDERICK'S

honour'd head!

VERSES

INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SPOKEN IN THE THEATRE TO THE DUKE OF PORTLAND, AT HIS INSTALLATION AS CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD, IN THE YEAR 1793.

In evil hour, and with unhallow'd voice,
Profaning the pure gift of Poesy,
Did he begin to sing, He, first who sung
Of arms and combats, and the proud array
Of warriors on th' embattled plain, and raised
Th' aspiring spirit to hopes of fair renown
By deeds of violence!—For since that time

Th' imperious victor oft, unsatisfied
With bloody spoil and tyrannous conquest, dares
To challenge fame and honour; and too oft
The poet, bending low, to lawless pow'r
Hath paid unseemly reverence, yea, and brought
Streams clearest of th' Aonian fount to wash
Blood-stain'd Ambition. If the stroke of war
Fell certain on the guilty head, none else,
If they that make the cause might taste th' effect,
And drink, themselves, the bitter cup they mix,
Then might the bard (tho' child of peace) delight
To twine fresh wreaths around the Conqueror's
brow;
Or haply strike his high-toned harp, to swell

The trumpet's martial sound, and bid them on
Whom Justice arms for vengeance: but, alas!
That undistinguishing and deathful storm
Beats heaviest on th' exposed innocent,
And they that stir its fury, while it raves,
Stand at safe distance, send their mandate forth
Unto the mortal ministers that wait
To do their bidding.—Ah! who then regards
The widow's tears, the friendless orphan's cry,
And Famine, and the ghastly train of woes
That follow at the dogged heels of War?
They, in the pomp and pride of victory
Rejoicing, o'er the desolated earth,
As at an altar wet with human blood,

And flaming with the fire of cities burnt,
Sing their mad hymns of triumph; hymns to God,
O'er the destruction of his gracious works!
Hymns to the Father, o'er his slaughter'd sons!

Detested be their sword! abhorr'd their name,
And scorn'd the tongues that praise them!—
Happier Thou,
Of peace and science friend, hast held thy course
Blameless and pure; and such is thy renown.
And let that secret voice within thy breast
Approve thee, then shall these high sounds of praise
Which thou hast heard be as sweet harmony,

Beyond this Concave to the starry sphere
Ascending, where the spirits of the blest
Hear it well pleased:—For Fame can enter Heaven,
If Truth and Virtue lead her; else, forbid,
She rises not above this earthy spot;
And then her voice, transient and valueless,
Speaks only to the herd.—With other praise
And worthier duty may She tend on Thee,
Follow thee still with honour, such as time
Shall never violate, and with just applause,
Such as the wise and good might love to share.

ON THE

DEATH OF CAPTAIN COOK.

I WILL not meditate in idle show
Of labour'd lines my sorrow to relate;
All artless as the tears my verse shall flow
That good men weep for his untimely fate.

The friends of peace and friends of human kind
To mourn thy loss, adventurous Chief, agree;
And all who love the bold or generous mind,
And all who science love must weep for thee.

By thee to soft Taheite's sultry clime,
By thee to chill Kamschatzcha's frozen zone,
And Isles ne'er view'd till George's golden time
Britannia's mighty name at length was known.

O how unlike Magellan! he who bent
His daring sail to untried winds, and first
The world encompass'd—save in sad event
Of timeless death by savage hands accurst.

The Arts of Peace He cared not to extend;
For gold th' untravel'd sea his bark explored,
For lust of gold he rashly strove to bend
The free-born Indian to his lawless sword.

Not such the generous purpose of thy will;
With zeal untired and patient toil it strove
To make th' untutor'd savage learn thy skill,
And the fierce-manner'd tribes embrace thy love.

For this thy vessel plough'd the stormy wave,
For this the pendent globe thrice circled round,
When the rude hand of some unconscious slave
With brutal fury dealt the fatal wound.

Hold! hold, Barbarian! shall the guilty strife
Provoke to mortal acts thy frantic hand?
Let fall thy stroke on some less-valued life;
But save, O! save the Chieftain of the band!

E'en hostile kings bade spare his honour'd head,
The bloodless trophies of his fame bade spare;
And Peace and Science wide their influence spread
To guard him from the wasteful rage of war:

In vain—he falls—he dies—behold him bleed—
Ah wretched Isle! ah murderous, murderous race!
The guilt, the memory of this ruffian deed
What pains can expiate, or what time efface?

Henceforth no ship shall spread her canvas wing
To visit that inhospitable strand;
Save that in after times if chance shall bring
Some bark storm driven near the hateful land;

Ev'n then the hardy mariner shall mourn;
And as he views it rising from the main,
Far from the inhuman shore his prow shall turn,
Cursing the murderous isle where Cook was slain.

ELEGY

TO THE MEMORY OF DR. W. HAYES,

PROFESSOR OF MUSIC IN THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

Set to Music by his Son and Successor, P. Hayes.

SYMPHONY.

THESE sounds of grief, this solemn air,
To thee I sing, dear, honour'd shade!
Hear, spirit of my father, hear!
To thee these mournful rites are paid.

Here followed an Organ Movement, being a Psalm Tune of the Professor, Dr. Wm. Hayes.

Such the last strains by thee were tried,
  Strains that to holy Choirs belong;
While Age, that wasted all beside,
  Yet spared the sweetness of thy song.

So pass'd he: nor approved alone
  In science; like his gentle art,
His life was Music, and in tone
  With Virtue's harmony his heart.

O! let thy tuneful Spirit, to hear
  The melancholy strains we raise,
Now stoop from that celestial sphere
  Where Music is the voice of Praise!

THE WORLD *.

INTENDED AS AN APOLOGY FOR NOT WRITING.

BY A LADY.

WIDE Habitation of the Sons of Men,
Wherein the seeds of vice and virtue lie
Mix'd, like the undigested Elements
Ere Chaos lost his kingdom; where blind Chance
With Passion holds divided anarchy;
O! who can rightly scan thee, or describe?

* This was among the subjects for a Prize Poem, given out by Sir John and Lady Miller at Bath Easton.

Subject ill suited to a Virgin's Muse,
That cannot praise, and is to blame untaught:
Wherefore from this unprofitable theme
She turns, leaving unsung its argument;
Save that with careless hand her lute she strikes
Lightly, nor hoping that the myrtle wreath
Shall crown her unpremeditated lay.

THE BRITISH THEATRE.

WRITTEN IN 1775.

When first was rear'd the British Stage,
Rude was the scene and weak the lay;
The Bard explored the sacred Page,
And holy Mystery form'd his Play.

Th' affections of the mortal breast
In simple Moral next he sung,
Each Vice * in human shape he drest,
And to each Virtue* gave a tongue.

* Personification of the passions in the moralities.

Then 'gan the Comic Muse unfold
  In coarser jests her homely art:
Of Gammer Gurton's * loss she told,
  And laugh'd at Hodge's awkward smart.

Come from thy wildly-winding stream,
  First-born of Genius, SHAKSPEARE, come!
The listening World attends thy theme,
  And bids each elder Bard † be dumb:

* Gammer Gurton's Needle is the oldest English comedy; the distress of it arises from the loss of the needle, which at last is discovered in her man Hodge's breeches.

† There were no plays of any note before Shakspeare.

For thou, within the human Mind
  Fix'd, as on thy peculiar throne,
Sitt'st like a Deity inshrined;
  And either Muse is all thine own!

Yet shall not Time's rough hand destroy
  The scenes by learned Jonson writ;
Nor shall Oblivion e'er enjoy
  The charms of Fletcher's courtly wit:

And still in matchless beauty live
  The numbers of that Lyric Strain
Sung gayly to the Star of Eve
  By Comus and his jovial Train.

Here sunk the Stage:—and dire alarms
  The Muse's voice did overwhelm;
For wounded Freedom call'd to arms,
  And Discord shook the embattled Realm.

But Peace return'd; and with her came
  (Alas! how changed!) the tuneful Pair:
Thalia's eye should blench with shame,
  And her sad Sister weep to hear

How the mask'd* Fair, in Charles's reign,
  Her lewd and riotous Fancy fed
At Killigrew's debauchful scene,
  While hapless Otway pined for Bread.

* The custom of that time, for fear of hearing indecencies, otherwise too gross to be supported.

Thus the sweet Lark shall sing unheard,
  And Philomel sit silent by;
While every vile and chattering bird
  Torments the grove with ribald cry.

And see what witless Bards presume
  With buskin'd fools to rhyme and rage;
While Mason's idle Muse is dumb,
  And weary Garrick quits the Stage.

ON TWO PUBLICATIONS,

ENTITLED

EDITIONS OF TWO OF OUR POETS.

When Critic Science first was known,
  Somewhere upon the Muse's ground
The pruning knife of wit was thrown;
  Not that which Aristarchus found:

That had a stout and longer blade,
  Would at one stroke cut off a limb;
This knife was delicately made,
  Not to dismember, but to trim.

With a short harmless edge a-top,
  'Twas made like our prize-fighting swords;
Pages and Chapters 'twould not lop,
  But cut off syllables and words.

Well did it wear; and might have worn
  Full many an age, yet ne'er the worse;
Till Bentley's hand its edge did turn
  On Milton's adamantine verse.

Warburton seized the blunted tool,
  Scarce fit for Oyster-opening Drab:
For Critic use 'twas now too dull,
  But tho' it would not cut, 'twould stab;

Then Shakspeare bled, with every friend
  That loved the Bard:—he threaten'd further;
And God knows what had been the end,
  Had not Tom Edwards cried out "Murther!"

Confounded at the fearful word,
  Awhile he hid the felon steel;
Now gives it Mason, lends it H—;
  Ah! see what Gray and Cowley feel!

THE SPLEEN.

I AM not of their mind who say
The World degenerates every day;
Nor like to hear a churl exclaim,
In rapture at Queen Bess's name,
And cry, "What happy times were those
"When Ladies with the sun uprose,
"And for their breakfast did not fear
"To eat roast-beef and drink strong-beer!
"Then buxom health and sprightly grace
"Enliven'd every blooming face,

" Blooming with roses all its own;
" And rouge, tea, vapours, were unknown."

Nature, still changing, still the same,
Hath so contrived this worldly frame,
That every age shall duly share
The good or ill that flows from Her.
Thus we, a spleenful race, are free
From magic and from sorcery;
While those who lived with good Queen Bess
(As they that know the truth confess)
Tho' Spleen and Vapours there were none,
Had Imps and Witches many a one;

And he who, 'cause he has not seen,
Will not believe, hath ne'er, I ween,
With due attention mused upon
Thy page, O British Solomon!

Thus far in preface—Now I'll tell
How Spleen arose, when Witchcraft fell.
By vengeful laws the Wizard brood
Long harass'd and at last subdued,
Their black Familiars all repair
Before the throne of Lucifer,
With sad petitions, setting forth
Their many grievances on earth,

What torments they were doom'd to bear
While tending on their Witches there:
Some drown'd, to prove their innocence,
Or, scaping, hang'd on that pretence;
Some burnt within their steeple hats,
Some nine times murder'd in their Cats:
Brief, they petition'd to enjoy
Some less adventurous employ,
Since witchcraft now was thought so common
They were not safe in an old woman.

Their suit was granted—up they came
New-liveried in sulphur flame,

With licence thro' the realm to range;
But, with their pow'r, their name they change.
Magic no longer now is seen,
And what was Witchcraft once, is Spleen:
Yet still they most delight to vex,
As first they did, the female sex;
And still, like an old witch's charm,
They tease, but have no power to harm.

Tho' Doctors otherwise have told,
The tale is true that I unfold:
And with my system suits the name,
For Spleen and Vapours are the same;

And all the country people know
That these, ascending from below,
Are DEVILS of peculiar hue,
And from their colour call them BLUE.

LINES

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL IN A LADY'S ALMANAC.

Go happy lines, yet fearful go,
  To meet Louisa's secret eye!
Tell what I wish her heart should know,
  Yet, rather than declare, I die.

Perhaps she 'll scorn ye, and despise
  The tribute of a heart so poor—
Too valueless to be the prize
  Of Beauty, proudest conqueror.

Then tell her that her touch alone
  Destroys your pencil'd forms with ease;
And say your fate is like my own,
  To be or not, as she shall please.

But should her gentleness now spare,
  Pass one short year, and ye are not!
A little year shall send you where
  You 'll perish among things forgot;

Yet so, how envied should you be!
  For who is he would not prefer
Before an immortality,
  To live a year, a day with Her?

I fear she 'll turn ye all to jest :
  Then let her know I 've made my prayer,
That, when by beaux, smart beaux, carest,
  She ne'er may feel a tender care !

But while they sigh, or kneel, or vow,
  Think it all done in sport and play ;
Or write love-rhymes (as I do now),
  Laugh, but not trust a word they say.

TO

A YOUNG GENTLEWOMAN,

WITH THOMSON'S SEASONS, DOUBLED DOWN AT THE STORY OF PALEMON AND LAVINIA.

ANNA, when you shall read in this true tale
How young Lavinia from her lowly state
Was led to splendor, wealth, and dignity,
By generous Palemon wooed and won
To be his bride, (such happy fortune found
Her virtues, and deserved no less)—so think
Your beauty, temper'd with sweet bashful grace
Of modesty and native elegance,

So think these charms—not sparingly bestow'd
But in the pride and prodigality
Of liberal Nature, fashioning her work
To a rare excellence,—these shall inflame
Each generous heart with love, and the dear hope
To win your gentle favour, and possess
A lovelier Lavinia found in you.

SONNET.

Ah! where is hid, if still it may survive
The canker'd tooth of Age and Time's despight,
Ah! where is hid that Orb of glass so bright,
That Merlin for King Ryence did contrive;
That wond'rous Orb so bright, wherein did live,
Or ever Time had brought them into light,
The forms of things unborn, which to the sight
Its high-enchanted power would strangely give!—
For Hope, with counterfeit of this true Glass,

Doth so beguile the lover's easy mind,
Still turning it to Fancy's idiot eye,
That Reason's self forgets her majesty
To join the gaze; till the fond phantoms pass,
And Grief and stern Repentance rise behind.

SONNET

TO PETRARCH.

O FOR that shell, whose melancholy sound,
Heard in Valclusa by the lucid stream
Of laurel-shaded Sorga, spread thy theme,
Fair Laura and her scorn, to all around
High-built Avignon, on the rocky mound
That banks the impetuous Rhone, and like a steam
From some rich incense rising, to the extreme
Of desolate Hesperia did rebound,

And gently waked the Muses :—so might I,
Studious of song like thee, and ah ! too like
In sad complaint of ill-requited love,
So might I, hopeless now, have power to strike
Such notes, as lovers' tears should sanctify,
And cold Fidele's melting sighs approve.

TO A LADY,

WHO DESIRED SOME SPECIMENS OF THE AUTHOR'S POETRY.

LET not Eliza bid me now rehearse
The unvalued rhymes that long forgotten lie:
For all unfit is my rude-fashioned Verse
To meet the censure of her curious eye:

But for her sake a subject could I choose
To draw down fame and envy on the Bard,
Thy lovely Self should be my theme and Muse,
And thy sweet smile, Eliza, my reward.

EPITAPH

ON A CHILD WHO DIED OF A SCARLET FEVER IN THE FIFTEENTH MONTH OF HIS AGE. 1802.

THOUGH thou wert dear, for lovely was thy form,
And fair thy mind, and hopeful from thy birth;
Though sudden was the pestilential storm
That beat thy tender blossom to the earth;
For thee we grieve not; certain that the soul
Yet sinless, bursting from its earthy clod,
Is borne on angel wings beyond the pole,
Where infant innocence hath place with God.

EPITAPH

ON SIR CHARLES TURNER, BART. IN THE FAMILY MAUSOLEUM AT KIRK LEATHAM, YORKSHIRE.

BENEATH this hallow'd vault, this awful shade,
Amidst his generous Forefathers laid,
Lo TURNER sleeps, the latest of his race,
In prime of manhood given to Death's embrace.
Heir of their name, and of their virtues heir,
His heart was liberal, courteous, brave, sincere.
Nor that his only praise; his patient mind,
Cheerful in grief, in agony resign'd,

Long bore the tedious hours of cureless pain,
Which Love and Friendship strove to soothe in vain.
Farewell, dear Consort of my happier days!
To Thee this duty thy THERESA pays,
Lamenting still for Thee, 'till fate shall join
Her kindred spirit and her dust with thine.

LINES

WRITTEN AT THE TOMB OF WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM, IN WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

WYKEHAM, around thy venerable tomb
With fond affection still thy children come;
And tho' no more the loud-voiced hymn they sing,
Still silent prayers and heartfelt wishes bring,
That thy departed Spirit, secure and blest,
May with the destined heirs of glory rest;
And, for thy pious bounty here bestow'd,
Treasure in Heaven may have, and joy in God!

TRANSLATION

OF A GREEK INSCRIPTION UPON A FOUNTAIN *.

Αγροῖα συν ποιμυαις, κ. τ. λ. Vitruvius, Lib. 8. c. 3.

SHEPHERD, if thirst oppress thee, while thy flock
Thou lead'st at noon by this Arcadian spring,

* There was a fountain in Arcadia, which had the reputation of creating an aversion to wine in whoever happened to bathe in it, although the water was innocent and wholesome to drink: and the tradition was, that it had received this singular property from Melampus, a celebrated physician of antiquity, when he made use of it to cure certain Arcadian princesses, the daughters of Prœtus, of a strange species of madness. These young ladies fancied themselves to be changed into cows. The story is frequently alluded to by the poets; both Ovid and Virgil mention it.

Here freely drink thy fill, and freely bring
  Around my Naïads all thy fleecy stock :

  But in the water wash not, lest thou feel
Loathing, and strange antipathy to wine;
Such power it hath to make thee hate the vine,
  E'er since my fount did Prœtus' daughters heal;—
  For here Melampus bathed them, here he cast
A spell to purge their madness off, and hold
The secret taint; what time from Argos old
  To rough Arcadia's mountain heights he past.

FROM LUCRETIUS.

——— sæpius olim
Religio peperit scelerosa.—Lib. I. v. 83.

Yet Superstition has of old brought forth
More impious wickedness; witness that time
In Aulis, when at Dian's temple met
Th' associate Princes, Chiefs, the prime of Greece,
And stain'd her altar with the virgin blood
Of Iphigenia: o'er her youthful locks
They bound the fillets; on her cheeks she felt

The dress of sacrifice: but when she saw
Beside the altar her dear father stand
In sorrow, and for his sake the ministers
Hiding their knife, and all the assembly round
Weeping at sight of her; when this she saw,
Struck mute with terror, on her knees she sunk.
Ah! then in vain she called upon her king,
Her father, urged him by a parent's love
To save his wretched child; while ruthless hands
Bore her all trembling to the altar's base;
Not for her nuptials, not for holy rites
Of Hymen, tended on with dance and song;
But for a foul and bloody sacrifice.
So fell this chaste and tearful victim, slain

Ev'n in her marriage hour; and all to free
Their wind-bound Navy from the fancied let
Of adverse Deities, to such a guilt
Could Superstition prompt a father's heart.

FROM LUCRETIUS.

Suave, mari magno turbantibus.—Lib. II. v. 1.

SWEET is it, when the stormy winds have roused
The boisterous ocean, from on shore to view
The toiling mariner; not that the pain
Of others gives us pleasure, but for that
To see what ills we 'scape ourselves is sweet:
And it is sweet, when armies on the plain
Array'd for battle join in mortal strife,
To stand aloof from danger and look on:

But nothing sweeter is, than all serene
In the strong towers of wisdom high to dwell,
And thence look down upon the wandering race
Of men, that vainly seek the path of life;
Vying in genius, or nobility;
With unabated labour, night and day
Striving to rise supreme in wealth or power.

FROM LUCRETIUS.

Avia Pieridum peragro loca.—Lib. IV. v. 1.

PIERIAN heights, the Muses' trackless haunts
And wilds untrodden erst by mortal feet,
O'er these I wander, haply there to find
New flowers and fountains new; I love to drink
Of the pure stream fresh-welling, and to cull
A wreath of orient hues and odours rare,
Whence never poet yet his chaplet wove.

PSALM LXXII.

ABRIDGED, AND ADAPTED * TO A PARTICULAR TUNE.

LORD, to the King thy judgments give,
Give to his Son thy righteousness:
So shall thy people safely live,
So he thy chosen flock shall bless.

* By adapted, is here meant, partly, that the accented syllables in the verse coincide with the accented notes of the tune.

Great his dominion, large his sway
O'er earth and ocean shall extend:
Him shall remotest isles obey,
Him the wide sea from end to end.

War and the battle then shall cease,
Then righteous men in favour stand;
Peace shall return, a lasting peace;
Plenty again shall store the land.

While He, with choicest blessings crown'd,
Long on his throne shall sit sublime;
Honour'd by all the nations round,
Honour'd by Kings of every clime.

Blest be our God for these fair days,

These happy days that rise again!

O may his glorious name and praise

Fill all the earth! Amen, amen.

MIDNIGHT DEVOTION.

WRITTEN IN THE GREAT STORM, 1822.

When the storm's increasing roar,
  In the fearful hour of night,
And the blast that rives my door
  Start the sleepers with affright;

While the fierce descending rain
  And the warring winds of heaven
All embattled rush amain
  On my fragile window driven;

I, for those who bide this pelting,
Breathe a prayer of charity,
And, my soul with pity melting,
Heavenly Father, call on Thee.

SILBURY HILL*.

O Thou, to whom in the olden time was raised
Yon ample Mound, not fashion'd to display
An artful structure, but with better skill
Piled massive, to endure through many an age,
How simple, how majestic is thy tomb!
When temples and when palaces shall fall,

* Silbury Hill is a Barrow of the largest size. It stands close by the road from London to Bath: 80 miles west from Hyde-Park Corner.

And mighty cities moulder into dust,
When to their deep foundations Time shall shake
The strong-based pyramids, shall thine remain
Amid the general ruin unsubdued,
Uninjured as the everlasting hills,
And mock the feeble power of storms and Time.

TO

THE DAISY.

GENTLE flower, young April's pride,
Say not Nature hath denied
Thee her bounty or her grace,
Though thou lack the Rose's face.

Where she spreads her carpet green
There thy maiden form is seen,

Drest in robes of purest white,
Ever constant in her sight,
But at will to wanton wild,
Like a playful darling child.

Thee she tends in summer days,
And the nibbling ewes that graze
Spare to crop her favourite:
And the Fairies, when by night
Their green paths they quaintly tread,
Walk not o'er thy sleeping head.

FRAGMENT.

King Richard in the gray Tower sate,
Captive of Austria's haughty Lord,
In a strange land, unhonour'd, unexplored,
To felon durance changed his royal state.
Pale was his haggard eye,
And sunk his cheek, to stern captivity
In all—all but in his Lion heart subdued:
He sate in melancholy solitude,

And sadly gazed upon the setting sun,

As down the heavenly road,
That all with purple glow'd,

It wested toward his realm of Albion.

FROM PURCHASE'S PILGRIMAGE,

VERSIFIED AND DESIGNED AS A MOTTO TO "VOYAGES FOR THE DISCOVERY OF A N. W. PASSAGE."

How shall I admire

Your courage, ye marine Adventurers?

Worthies, beyond all names of worthiness!

Who can endure alike the Sun so long

Present or absent; and without a dread

Encounter foggy mist, tempestuous sleet,

Cold blasts, with snows and hail in th' frozen air,

And those unequal seas which might amaze

All ears and eyes, yea, and make Neptune's self

To quake with chilly fear when he beholds:
When his huge Monsters, Icy Isles, disdaining
His sovereignty, and the Sun's hot violence,
Muster upon those watery plains, for war,
Continual war; and wheresoe'er they rush
Make winds and waves give back, till, in the shock,
Crashing and rending their congealed sides,
They split themselves with their own massiness.

FRAGMENT.

But who is He shall put his daring hand
To Love's mysterious Harp, and with rude touch
Discordant violate the silver string
Whose note is sweeter than the balmy South
Impregn'd with soft Æolian harmony!
The Song of Love is like an Angel's voice
Attuned to heavenly music; and once heard
On this Terrestrial; when the Bard of Thrace
Bewail'd his lost Euridice, it drew

The wild Inhabitants to hear his Lyre;—
Yea savage Beasts and Things inanimate
To listen to his dulcet melody:—
Such power is in the magic sounds of Love.

THE RAPE OF PROSERPINE.

O FOR the thousand flowers that erst did bloom
In that Sicilian Valley wild,
Where golden Ceres left her Child
Conceal'd from all the Sons of Jove,
So to elude th' inevitable doom
Of Fate, and stronger Love!
In vain.—The grisly Monarch of the Dead,
Stern Dis, uprears his gloomy head
Mid the black smoke and ruddy flames that wrap
Around old Ætna's smould'ring top;

There, as the wandering Nymph he view'd,
Awhile in blank amaze he stood
Till Love to fury roused his blood.
He call'd his ebon Car and Steeds of fire:
They came, and with the headlong torrent's speed
Down to the lily-spangled mead
They bore their mighty Sire:
Swift in his arms the fainting Maid he took,
Then drove impetuous on, while all Sicilia shook.

SONNET.

O THOU, to whom my heart (no longer mine)
Doth yield itself a captive love-subdued;
Fair goodly frame of Nature's work divine
To inchase the gem thy mind more fair and good,
Let not thy scorn pursue the Muse's Son,
For gentle is his mind, and pure his flame,
And for thy love he shall inscribe thy name
Among those Fair whose peerless beauty won
Renown from ancient bards, on harp and lyre
So sweetly sounded, that the wondering Earth,

Thro' all her climes, yet listens to the strain.

O meekly-blooming Flower, if on thy birth
Soft Pity shed her dew, quench not his fire,
Quench not his hallow'd fire with cold disdain.

SONG.

When Phœbus, for what crime unknown,
Was exiled from the Courts of Jove,
And to this earth came mournful down,
Of all things else bereft, but love;

(For that pure Fire feels not the storms
That shake or change this worldly frame;
Immortal as the soul it warms,
It burns in unextinguish'd flame—)

His fingers to the lyre he turn'd,
  Then all with chords of sorrow strung;
The lost delights of heaven he mourn'd,
  But more her loss, for whom he sung:

He sung so sweetly that the strain
  Drew pity from the gods above;
They call'd the wanderer back again,
  And gave the Muse to crown his love.

SONG.

To thy cliffs, rocky SEATON, adieu!
And adieu to the roar of thy seas!
And adieu to the Girl, whose insensible heart
Is as hard and as sullen as these!

Forget the fond echoes you heard!
Forget my fond hope and my strain!
My strain is neglected and dead is my hope:—
But you never shall hear me complain——
To thy cliffs, rocky SEATON, adieu!

SONG.

GENTLE Stream, whose wild meanders
  Cheer the birds and feed the flowers,
While by thee Amelia wanders,
  Wilt thou soothe her pensive hours?

If the world were at my bidding,
  Music should her steps attend,
And where'er her feet were treading,
  Flowers should bloom, and sweets ascend.

SONG.

TO A LADY GOING TO HER FAMILY IN IRELAND.

WILL you go, Mary, from me?
Is it choice, or love or duty,
That you trust your worth and beauty
Upon the stormy Sea?

Can you hope, Mary, to find,
Tho' you rove the wide world over,
Friends so true, so fond a Lover,
As you leave here behind?

TO

THE SUN.

O Thou whose inextinguishable eye
  Now sleeps beneath the ocean stream,
Whether the star of morn shall call thee forth
  To pour thy rich and fiery beam
Through the wide arch of an unclouded sky;
  Or whether the rude North
Shall o'er thy head his showery mantle cast,
Making the dank earth shiver at his blast;

Welcome alike to me! the genial day
That gave my fair Eliza birth
Needs not thy gaudy smile to make it glad:
Still cheer the spleeny race of earth
With the warm lustre of thy fostering ray;
On me in vain are shed
Thy beams and unregarded, while I prove
The dearer influence of Her smiles and love.

SONG.

Artless words of unfeign'd passion
With harmonious numbers join'd,
Soothly try your soft persuasion
On Eliza's gentle mind!

For her ear alone intended,
Other censure nought regard:
If by her you are commended,
'Tis enough for your reward.

But why thus you seek to move her
  Strive not further to explain!—
If her heart will not discover,
  You or I should tell in vain.

TO A LADY,

FORTUNE-TELLING WITH CARDS.

Dear Nancy, if you wish to know
What Fate reserves in store for you,
Ask not the idle cards to show,—
I'll tell as wisely, and as true.

For I will take a magic Book
Of characters divinely fair;
Upon thy lovely Self I'll look,
And read, dear Girl, thy fortune there.

By those love-darting Eyes I find
  How many hearts their empire own;
I see the sweetness of thy mind
  That keeps the hearts those eyes have won.

Yet none among so many hearts,
  Nor any you shall yet subdue,
Should you join all their better parts,
  Can make a heart to merit you.

Now, shall I look into your breast
  And see what Heart is favour'd there?—
No,—be that fatal Truth suppress'd,
  Lest I should sink in my despair!

EPIGRAM.

From two domestic acts of pious zeal
Learn what calamities sad mortals feel.
When Lord George Gordon of the Pope afeard,
(That was before he show'd a Jewish beard)
When he his Whiggish Mob had raised, they fly
On poor Lord Mansfield's harmless Library.
Then were his legal Writings, precious store,
Burnt, or dispersed as Sibyl's leaves of yore.

Twelve years elapsed from that disastrous tide,
And lo! another storm from t'other side!
In vengeance on their Presbyterian foes
The loyal Mob of Birmingham arose;
And as their zeal for *Church and King* grew hot,
All PRIESTLEY's books and papers went to pot.
Losses like these till then we never saw;
Priestley's Divinity and Mansfield's Law.

ON

TWO ENGLISH POETS,

WHO FLOURISHED IN THE FORMER HALF OF THE LAST CENTURY, AND PUBLISHED COMPLIMENTARY VERSES ON EACH OTHER.

EDWARD, thy Ode's too long by half,
Stephen's Reply might spare a quarter:
Now, in my judgment, Stephen's song
Is as much better, as 'tis shorter.

Edward declares, though Milton's lines
Rise to an unexampled height,
That, in heroics, Stephen shines
Like Milton, and almost as bright.

Stephen for quittance makes reply,
  That nothing in the world could hinder
(Except his native modesty)
  Edward from taking place of Pindar.

Stephen and Edward all this while
  Are lying to each other's face;
Edward can do 't in bolder style,
  But Stephen with a better grace.

VERSES

TO THE HONOUR OF THE LONDON PASTRYCOOK, WHO MARKED "NO POPERY" ON HIS PIES, &c.

I'LL sing the praise of Mr. B——,
Whose Pastry, watchful for the Church,
Whene'er it sees, or fears, a Plot,
Starts from his counter, piping hot,
To warn us of the dire intent,
And, like himself, is eloquent.
Pale Biscuits and stout Gingerbread
Th' alarm of danger widely spread;

Then quaking Custards join the cry,
And Tartlets squeak, "No Popery!"

Defender of the Faith! rare Cook,
Who mak'st thy Pastry-shop a Book
As formidable, and much more read
Than that which our eighth HENRY made,
Whose Church-of-England oven bakes
Protestant Appletarts and Cakes!
Children that feed upon thy Pies
Grow in religion as in size;
While, often as their mouths they ope,
They chew destruction to the Pope.

Fame shall desert th' ingenious Quaker
To celebrate our Cross-bun Baker;
Whose willing Pupils, apter far
Than all the school of Lancaster,
Shall read, and eat, his name enroll'd
On Cakes of Gingerbread in gold.

ON

THE FUNERAL OF ——,

IN A HEARSE AND SIX, FOLLOWED BY A MOURNING COACH AND FOUR.

WHAT, SAVE-ALL in a Hearse convey'd!
And *six* brave Nags to draw *the Dead!*
'Tis ruin!—Why, 'tis more by *five*
Than e'er convey'd him while *alive.*
And look, what follows!—more and more
Profusion, in a *Coach and Four!*

Such waste of what thou liv'dst to save,
Might break the quiet of thy Grave.
In what slow pomp the Rogues advance,
Courting, as 'twere, Extravagance!
O! the vast charge of every night!
They revel, and set nothing by 't;
But give to have thee lie in state,
More than thou e'er paid'st there for meat.
What else?—their dead and useless load
They carry on the *Turnpike* road,
Paying—but they care nothing, they,
How many Gates there be to pay.—
Plague on the Gates! how thick they are!
Five pounds will soon be squander'd here.

Another—and another yet!

And *Half-a-crown* at every Gate;

Those Gates which thou didst alway shun,

To save thy *Pence* from every one.

Alas! this needless cost is more

Than all th' extravagance before!

To stop such charge, at least, arise

And show them—where the *Bye-way* lies!

PARODY

ON DRYDEN'S "THREE POETS," &c.

THREE Poets, born in different lands and ages,
Three different Heroes took to grace their pages:
The first, a Buonaparte, fierce to fight;
The next, a Methodistic Hypocrite:
No human character combined more evil,
So Milton for his Hero took the Devil.

EPIGRAM.

When first the Devil came in Milton's view
A swindging Tail * upon his rump there grew:
But when in Pandæmomium he appears
How alter'd is his form! no tail he wears.
Such difference in that Personage is seen
As Milton by himself perceived, between
His full-grown Epic and his stripling Ode—
His tadpole Devil had become a Toad.

* ——— th' old Dragon—
——— wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swindges the scaly horror of his folded tail.
Ode on the Nativity.

AN

EXPOSTULATORY SUPPLICATION TO DEATH,

AFTER THE DECEASE OF DR. BURNEY.

THOU Trojan Death ! thou worse than Trojan foe
To English Greeks, the best of Greeks we know !
In three we boasted ; three we had of late,
Rare Burney, matchless Porson, and the great
TON ΔΕΙΝΑ, props and pillars of our state ;
Two thou hast ravish'd from us ; and the land
Watches in anxious fear thy threat'ning hand.
Two thou hast ravish'd, but we can't resign a
TON ΔΕΙΝΑ yet awhile,—O spare TON ΔΕΙΝΑ.

ON

THE DECEASE OF HORNE TOOKE.

Horne Tooke is gone—rejoice and sing,
Ye Placemen, and ye Tools of a King!
He is gone!—then be his faults forgiven,
And let us hope he 's gone to Heaven.
That is a prayer you ought to make
If not for love, for interest' sake;
For should he go to t'other place,
Think how he 'll plague your hireling race.

INSCRIPTION

FOR THE GRANITE SARCOPHAGUS BROUGHT FROM ALEXANDRIA TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THIS was the tomb of Alexander,

The Macedonian great Commander,

Who dealt about his killing blows

Alike among his friends and foes:

Who went on plundering, burning, stabbing,

Carouzing, catamiting, drabbing,

Kept a Castrato * for his punk,

And died † heroically drunk:

And if at last he went to hell,

I warrant he deserved it well;

Whate'er is said by flatt'ring Mitford,

Who thinks he is gone to heav'n, and fit for 't.

* Q. Curt. b. x. c. 3. &c.

† Athenæus, b. 10. c. 9. p. 434. Αλεξανδρος λαβων (το ποτηριον) εσπασε μεν γενναιως,——εκ τουτου νοσησας απεθανε. Alexander took the cup, and *pulled nobly* at it.

Mem. It held near a gallon, and he had emptied it once already.

INSCRIPTION

FOR A STATUE OF FIELD-MARSHAL SUWOROW.

THIS was a Warrior of renown,
A Hero bred, and born to kill;
Who scrupled not to shed his own *,
When he lack'd other blood to spill.

* It is related of him, that in his march to the attack of Oczakow, he proceeded with such rapidity at the head of his men, that they began to murmur at the fatigues which they endured. The marshal, apprised of the circumstance, after a long day's march, drew up his men in a hollow square, and addressing them said, that "his legs had that day discovered

And often would he turn his arms
On those within his bosom bred,
And quell by fire the mighty swarms *
That with his life-blood he had fed.
His person, cover'd o'er with glory,
In truth was little clean or nice;

some symptoms of mutiny, as they refused to second the impulses of his mind, which urged him forward to the attack of the enemy's fortress." He then ordered his boots to be taken off, and some of the drummers to advance and flog his legs, which was done till they bled very considerably. He then put on his boots very coolly, expressing his hope that his legs would in future better know how to discharge their duty. His army afterwards marched on without a murmur.

* Suworow affectoit beaucoup de simplicité et de rudesse. On le voyoit quelquefois ôter sa chemise au milieu des Cosaques, et la fain chauffer, en disant que c'etoit *pour tuer ses poux.* Vie de Catherine II. tome ii. p. 373.

And 'tis a question in his story,

Whether he kill'd more men * or lice.

* The number of men slaughtered by this hero was at the rate of more than thirty a week, reckoning from the day of his birth to the age of 69 years, according to the account given in the history of his campaigns, by Frederic Anthing.

ON FIELD-MARSHAL SUWOROW.

A DIALOGUE.

A. THIS Hero, though delighting much in blood,
Was yet a tender-hearted creature.—*B.* Good.
A. Without remorse he slaughter'd Turk and Pole,
But still his nerves were very weak.—*B.* Poor soul!
A. And he became a prey to grief, for why,
His master frown'd upon him.—*B.* O fie! fie!

A. Unkindness did his gentle heartstrings crack,
And so the Hero came to an end.—*B*. Good lack!

A. That one so valiant and so meek, is 't fit he
Should go at last to the devil?—*B*. What a pity!

ON

F. W. THE KING OF PRUSSIA'S INEFFECTUAL ATTEMPT ON WARSAW.

When Frederic, when the Usurper turn'd
With baffled arms and insolence abash'd,
From fearless Warsaw's radiant walls,
(For, crested with the Sons of Liberty,
Then stood they fearless and secure,)
No less than was that mount in Israel once,
Where Angels rode in fiery guard

Around the Prophet*. Ever such defence

Be made for freedom, and usurpers

Abated and confounded in their pride,

As Frederic now! He, when he turn'd,

Thus gave mad utterance to his spleeny mood:—

This royal merchandise of war

* "And when the servant of the man of God was risen early, and gone forth, behold, an Host compassed the city both with horses and chariots. And his servant said unto him, Alas, my master! how shall we do? And he answered, fear not; for they that be with us are more than they that be with them. And Elisha prayed, and said, Lord, I pray thee, open his eyes, that he may see. And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man, and he saw: and behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha."—2 Kings, ch. vi. v. 15, &c.

That wont to bring towns, cities, provinces,
  To kings for profit, is become
A losing trade, or only serves to enrich
  My shrewder neighbours, they who fight
In quarrels not their own, and wisely sell
  The lives, unprofitable else,
Of their obedient multitude: but I,
  Cursed be the hour I did so, I
Who had the wealthiest of the world my dupe,
  England, to pay me lavish hire
For service ne'er peform'd, must needs, O fool!
  To this most perilous venture run
On mine own credit: therefore am I made

A very bankrupt; all my hopes
Of victory, dominion, fortune, fame,
All ruin'd, and my royal word,
My promises and threats alike held vile
As the vain Brunswick's menaces,
Horrible once, now laugh'd at and despised.
For who now fears me, or believes?—
But let me from this ruinous assault,
With what is left me, safe retire,
And I will yet regain the credulous ear
Of Her, whose unexhausted wealth
Exceeds all measure but her easy faith,
Good England:——O that I were now

In England, with my royal Brother there,
Giving a false alarm in jest
To Weymouth town, and Buckinghamshire Captains *.

* About the commencement of the war in 1793, the late king used to visit Weymouth for some weeks of the summer, when the Buckinghamshire militia attended his majesty as a guard of honour. It was during one of these visits that this military occurrence is reported to have taken place.

POLITICAL ADVICE

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE FRENCH CONVENTION.

A DIALOGUE.

"MESSIEURS of the Convention, Gentlemen!

"Hav'n't ye rebell'd against your sovereign?"—"Stuff."

"Deposed him?"—"Nonsense." "Murder'd him?"—"What then?"

"Usurp'd his place and kingdom?"—"Like enough!"

"Hav'n't ye bullied Princes far and near,
"Encroach'd upon your neighbours, 'gainst
all Law?
"Without Religion, Honour, Faith, or Fear,
"Sworn and forsworn yourselves?"—"O, ça ira."

"Nay, Gentlemen, I speak not to upbraid:
"Rather, I 'd say, you seem to need a spur:
"Hav'n't ye still some object of your dread,
"Some innocent young Prince, your prisoner?

"Poison him—stab him—put him out o'th' way—
"Is that so monstrous?—Nay, you have a pattern:
"Do as I bid you, then stand up, and say,
"We are now upon a par with Royal Kattern."

WRITTEN WHEN BUONAPARTE WAS ALTERING THE GOVERNMENTS OF GERMANY.

THE Madman thought that he did climb
  Over the wall which bounds the universe;
And there he saw how father Time
  Out of old Moons was busy cutting Stars.

Thus o'er our globe Napoleon,
  As if old Time had lent him scythe and wings,
Speeds and destroys, and for his fun
  From waning Emperors cuts out little Kings.

SUGGESTED BY

READING DRYDEN'S BRITANNIA REDIVIVA,

A Poem on the Prince, born on the 10th of June, 1688.

When James the Second took his second spouse,
The royal couple (as their Church allows)
T' obtain a son and heir devoutly pray'd,
And call'd on many a popish saint for aid;
By costly gifts and vows they sued to gain
Th' inestimable boon, nor sued in vain:
A son was given; and as the story ran,
Their saints convey'd the blessing in a warming-pan.

And now th' expected babe, howe'er it came,
Was theirs; but living yet without a name.
Why to this Child of prayer, this boon of Heaven,
A name appropriate was not sooner given;
What moved the royal sire to make delay,
In such a case, 'tis difficult to say.

Dryden suggests—go, read him if you doubt it,
There was some brawl among the Saints about it.
Good gracious folks, they could not yet agree;
Each eager that the name his own should be:
He thinks some wanted—but I dare not, I,
Repeat what follows of the irreverend lie.

Yet since I have curtail'd that Flatterer's fable,
I 'll piece it with another as I am able,
And tell you the result of this celestial squabble.

There stood an ancient One among the herd,
Who took no part, nor utter'd yet a word;
He seem'd not much acquainted with the rest;
His port was manly, simple was his vest,
And veil'd his head: but now he silence broke,
And thus in slow and sober tones he spoke.

"The Babe, your present care, shall have a name
That all his life will follow him with shame.

Both He, and whomsoe'er he shall engender,
Will be deem'd spurious, and be call'd Pretender."

His words the saintly synod fill'd with rage,
Nor felt they reverence for his rank or age;
But with ungovernable fury big,
Call'd him Apostate, Protestant, and Whig.
Calm and composed, their cries awhile he bore,
Nor deign'd to make defence, nor utter'd more,
But, casting off his veil, naked he stood,
And TRUTH's resplendent form abash'd they view'd.

SUCCESSION.

After a bad oft comes a worse;

Evil on evil, curse on curse:

So James to Charles succeeds, who fitter?

Of a French Popish mother's litter

This was the next and favourite whelp;

He with Judge Jefferies's help,

A fell-fang'd lurcher, hot for blood,

The gallant Algernon pursued;

Hamper'd him basely in a Coop,
Then ran him down, and cried whoo-whoop!
But though so fierce to treat this man ill,
His Jesuits used him like a spaniel;
Rated him soundly, or carest,
As served their ends and purpose best,
Which not long after to his cost
He felt, his crown and kingdom lost.
Ev'n then these Masters gave not o'er,
But taught him lessons as before;
How he might render Heaven his debtor,
And earn another crown and better:
Told him, 'twas highly meritorious
To exalt the Pope, and kill old Glorious:

That what he did t'avenge his Father,
He might do for himself, and rather.
So with his Priests and his Assassins,
By machinations, plots, compassings,
He struggled long against hard odds
To advance the Devil's cause and God's.
Hopeless at last, his means all spent,
He died a Murderer and a Saint.

EPIGRAM.

Ille Crucem sceleris pretium tulit, Hic Diadema.

Good people of England, 'tis fit you should note
What you get, or may suffer, for bribing a vote;
And for an example we 'll bring to your view
An Irish Lord and a Baronet Jew;
The Jew and my Lord in a similar case—
One pays a great fine, t' other holds a great place:
My Lord is bedeck'd with a Ribbon and Garter,
The Jew is in Jail for two years, lack a quarter.

EPIGRAM.

And now we 'll compare, if you please to allow us,
The Jew in his Jail, with my Lord in the House:
The Jew is surrounded by Felons and Debtors,
And my Lord by some folks who are little their
betters.

ON THE

INCREASE OF HUMAN LIFE.

FATE deals out human life by seven-year spaces:
Time was you would be thought in her good graces
With nine of these; when David lived 'twas ten;
If more She gave, 'twas only now and then,
A few cold years of winter, and the last,
Tho' charged with toil and sorrow, quickly past.
But in our age more bounteous Fate appears,
And often grants a dozen-fold seven years;
Nay, be but still and temperate like the Quakers,
Perhaps she 'll make your dozen up a baker's.

ODE

TO THE KING OF FRANCE. 1823.

WHAT moves thee, Louis, to forego
The quiet of thy peaceful reign?
Why challenge a reluctant foe,
Rushing to war, war unprovoked, again?
Examine well thine own estate,
And check thy hostile march before it be too late.

When first thou wert an exile from thy home,
Unbroken was thy strength, thy health not wasted;

But couldst thou now endure to roam,
When both thy health and strength thou hast ou
lasted?
With peace and plenty to thy throne restored,
Perchance thou deem'st thyself adored:
Thou seest around thee subjects bending low;
But should misfortune now return,
Be sure thou soon shalt know
Thyself their hate, and all thy race their scorn.

Where are thy men-at-arms, they, once who moved
So lively at the warlike trumpet's call?
And where their chiefs, thy mareschals all,
Heroes in many a glorious battle proved?—

In stern repose each warrior lies.
As flowers that all the darksome night
Close themselves up, until the day-star rise,
Then ope, and turn, as worshipping his light:
So these, in sullen slumber now reclined,
May soon awake, when thou shalt find
Their worship and their service turn'd and gone,
Toward their own day-star, the young Napoleon.

And darest thou, presumptuous, now demand
That Heaven shall speed thy mad career
To spoil an unoffending land?
And darest thou hope that Heaven will hear?

Believe it not:—but for thyself beware;
And learn to moderate thy prayer:
Pray that kind Heaven will condescend
To grant thee rest and safety till thine end;
  And for the consummation of thy lot,
That old St. Denys will allow thee room
  To sleep uncensured and forgot,
Among thy fathers in a silent tomb,

VERSES

SPOKEN IN THE THEATRE, OXFORD, AT THE INSTALLATION OF THE CHANCELLOR, LORD GRENVILLE, JULY 10, 1810, BY HENRY CROWE, A COMMONER OF WADHAM COLLEGE.

STILL through the realms of Europe far around
Echoes the martial trump, the Battle's sound:
There many a nation, now subdued and broke,
In sullen silence wears the Tyrant's yoke:
There the fierce Victor waves his sword, and there
Stalks amid ruin, and the waste of war:

And, where he bids the din of arms to cease,
He calls the silent desolation—peace.

Yet what his prize of glory? What the gain
Of his wide conquest, of his thousands slain?—
His guilty seat on thrones subverted stands;
His trophies are the spoil of injured lands:
For his dark brow no comely wreath is twined,
But iron * crowns and blood-stain'd laurels bind.

Far other objects here around us rise,
The monuments of nobler victories.
This splendid dome, yon goodly piles behold,
This favour'd ground adorning, which of old

* The iron crown of Italy.

Our first great Chief, a patriot Hero, chose
"For Learning's triumph o'er her barbarous
foes *:"
These are her honourable trophies; here
No spoils of plunder'd provinces appear.
Our hallow'd fanes, our lofty spires, were built
By pure and bounteous hands unsoil'd with guilt.
Pure also was the source: the bounty springs
From holy Prelates, from religious Kings;
Who in the peaceful walks of life pursued
Their godlike occupation, doing good;

* Johnson's Prologue, spoken at the opening of Drury-Lane, 1747.

And taught us, careless of a transient fame,
Like them to seek a worthier meed, and claim
Th' immortal recompense that Heaven decrees
For charitable toils, and generous works of peace.

Is there, who nurtured in this happy seat,
Still loves the Mansion, Learning's choice retreat?—
Who yet these groves will honour, where his youth
Was early train'd to Virtue and to Truth;—
Who liberal arts and useful Science wooes,
And by the Muse beloved, protects the Muse;
Whose patient labour and unabated zeal
Pursues that nobles tend, his Country's Weal;—

Watchful, and resolute in her defence
With counsel sage, and manly eloquence?—
For Him fair Fame her clearest voice shall raise
Till her high trumpet labours in his praise.
He 'bove the Conqueror's name shall be renown'd,
Him Glory still shall follow, and around
Laurels unstain'd, unfading palms, shall spread,
Such as are now prepared for GRENVILLE's honour'd
head.

AD MUSAS.

Dulce sub Autumnum, venienti frigore, mane
Lacte novo relevare sitim; dulce oscula Nisæ
Præripere, in fœno cum semisupina recenti
Dormit, nuda sinu; sub vespere dulce vagari
Quà vigil effundit liquidam Philomela querelam:
At mihi dulcis amor Musarum ante omnia: vos O
Pierides, vestro, precor, aspirate poetæ.

Ηως

Εργων ἡγητειρα, βιου προπολε θνητοισιν.

Or. Hym.

Roscida purpureos induta Aurora colores
Ingreditur cœlo jam reseratque diem;
Victoresque agitans currus nigra agmina Noctis
Turbat, et ætherio dissipat astra polo.
Eja, agite O Pueri, clarum prævertite Solem,
Nec pigeat molles deseruisse toros.

Igniferos etenim quicunque, aspexerit ortus,
Ille levis facti præmia magna feret:
Qualia non tulerit populi Moderator Eoi,
Darius memori nobilitatus equo;
Cui jubar exoriens primo vidisse suorum
Persarum quondam regna superba dedit.
Illi namque novo firmabit membra vigore,
Lætaque componet lumina diva Salus.
Tum validæ crescent generoso in pectore vires
Stabit et ingenuo plurimus ore decor.
Illum, seu tendit pellucida propter Ichini
Flumina, sive jugum per, Catharina, tuum,
Naiades excipient venientem ultroque juvabunt,
Dum ciet ad prædam subsequiturque canes.

Omnis ager suaves Illi spirabit odores,
Illi dulce melos concinet omne nemus.
Ille (licebit enim) Musas siquando vocârit,
Inveniet faciles in sua vota Deas:
Phœbo et gratus erit; neque Phœbus amicior ulli est
Quam sua qui primo numina mane colit.

JEPTHÆ VOTUM.

JAM Voti reus infausti de Marte redibat
JEPTHA; procul dulces emicuere Lares.
Non litui sonus auditur, nec classica spirant;
Corde dolens mutas Dux præit ipse manus.
Ecce egressa foras venientem Nata salutat!
Terruit aversum vox bene nota patrem;
Filia! tene mori! (vocem primo abstulit angor,)
Vota miser feci non revocanda Deo.

At Virgo, pietas cui pectora confirmavit,
Immota aspiciens retulit ore patrem ;
O Pater, O belli sævis defuncte periclis,
Jeptha, vel in nòstro funere victor, Ave !
Debita solve Deo, me, me in tua vota paratam,
Filia non dubito pro Genitore mori.

PALMYRA.

Has moles murorum, has, O Palmyra! columnas
Gens magna et fortes incoluere viri,
Te dominam, metuere urbes, te cœrula ponti,
Eöique tibi dona tulere Duces.
Jam non ulla tuas hominum vox personat arces,
Vastâ, urbe in medià, strage Ruina sedet.
Sæpe etiam, nullo ventorum turbine pulsa,
Immani subitò saxa fragore ruunt.
Circum infinitus se pandit campus arenæ,
Sibilat ambusto Dipsas anhela solo.

In domibus sævi stabulant impunè Leones,
Informesque Apri, noctivagæque Tigres.
Obscænæ strident per putrida fana volucres,
Et Stygius circum Bubo cubile struit.
Humana instabili versantur cardine fata:
En, Roma in Gothicum quanta caduca rogum!
Invida det Fortuna diem, quo mens pia flebit
Heu! mersam exitio te, Rhedycina, pari.

AD HYACINTHUM. 1791.

Quis primo te mense, quis impulit, O Hyacinthe,
Ut tepidum Floræ desereres gremium?—
Num forte audisti Volucrem, quæ, nuntia Veris
Nunc vespertinum concinit ore melos?—
Num Zephyri molles dulcique Favonius aura
Lene susurrantes surgere te faciunt?
Ah! ne té lædat Boreas! neu cana pruina
Incidat in collum purpureumque caput!

En (quod ego possum) hâc vitreâ te casside dono,
Quæ gelido noctis tempore tegmen erit.
Acceptum tibi enim refero, quod Thestilis hortum
Non dedignetur visere sæpe meum.
Tum pulchros laudat flores et laudat odorem;
Et Dominus partem et tu quoque laudis habes.
Ergo ferens puros in te fundam ipse liquores,
Si mox defuerit fertilis imber aquæ.
O multùm salve mihi, Floscule, semper amate;
Et cito cum venias gratior ipse Rosis.

ROMULUS

SCRIPTUS 1803.

Rex ille Romæ Conditor, Remi frater,
Unde unde natus, in latrociniis certe
Nutritus, aptos possideret ut cives,
Suisque moribus simillimum cœtum,
Id nobile aperuit viris receptaclum
Quod nuncupant Asylon, hoc volens nempe
Ut seminario sibi novæ gentis
Sentinam haberet urbium propinquarum.

Huc undique ingens ut confluxerat turba,
Statim parabat quos honoribus summis
Augeret ex his, imperîque consortes
Haberet, homines maxime fide claros,
Virtutibusque præ sociis adornatos.
Ergo, coactis civibus, legit centum
Qui consulant populo velut pater proli,
Vocatque Patres, plurimisque eos rebus
Ornat, facitque Concilium Sacrosanctum.

His constitutis, laude floruit multa
Multos per annos, victor omnium late;
Stupro, rapinis, cædibusque agens vitam,
Et cuncta miscens; conniventibus Divis,

Ea quippe magni vindicant sibi Heroes,
Victoriarum jure parta tanquam sint,
Aut, merita propter, atque facta præclare,
In præmiorum parte habenda, sed parva.

Verum Iste tandem morte plectitur digna,
Serasque dat Senatui suo pœnas :
Credo quod impius hisce Patribus sanctis
Cœpit videri, aut forte iniquior paulo
Quam ferre sane didicerant Senes justi.
Decrevit itaque Concilium sacrosanctum,
" Patres viderent ne quid hinc caperent damni
Ipsi," suoque supplicium Duci poscunt.

At vero, ut ista in fabula mulier quondam
Ex fele facta, pristinos tenuit mores,
Sic hi recurrunt proprium ad ingenium quisque
Notas per artes ut struant viro mortem,
Pretiumque mortis immortalitatem dent.

Ergo, advocata concione, Rex Romæ
Cum sustineret grande nescio quod munus,
Et rite staret medius in globo Patrum,
Ecce inter inclytos Sicarios quidam,
Princeps Senatus, confodit latus ferro,
A tergo adortus, dexter artifex cædis,
Et cui nefas fuit, aut piaculum quemquam

Jugulare, ni mactâsset simplici plaga.
Spoliat jacentem Prædo nobilis Regem,
Antehac Asyli, nunc at Curiæ lumen,
Lingua manuque præter cæteros audax.
Jam proximi adsunt mos quibus fuit raptim
Surrepta pecora dissecare secreto :
Hi mortuum dispertiunt minutatim,
Celeriter, ut solebant quum timendum esset
Ne turpiter prehenderentur in furto.
Hæc terminata pars ; operique succedit,
Quæ dissipandum curet clanculum corpus,
Exercita olim callida manus fraude,
Nec artis expers qua crumena tollatur,
Haud sentienti furis improbam dextram :

Atqui profecto illius agminis Patres
Tanto fuerunt numero quantum adæquare
Concisa frustillatim membra vix possent,
Ut quisque Laticlavius suam partem
Haberet auferendam sub toga furtim.

Ast interim tumultu fremere vesano,
Et concitari suspicata fraudem Plebs:
Regem reposcunt, nec abiisse adhuc credunt
Sublime raptum turbine, hoc licet Patres
Uno ore prædicent miraculum cuncti.
Productus ergo Testis est, gravisque auctor
Mendacii, prioris qui notam vitæ
Pensare sanctitate visus est summa:

Perjurioso facta est sic fides tandem,
Sic Romulus datur Deus Indiges cœlo.

Ecquando erit quum talis exitus vitæ
Tibi parari possit, O decus nostri
Et gloria ævi! solus omne qui belli
Pacisque jus tibi arrogas, per Europen
Late tyrannus, Buonaparte, Gallorum
Patiens vocarier Consul, Dominus cum sis?
O magne Corse, tempus jam satis longum
Heros fuisti, quin fias abhinc Divus.

HELENA INSULA.

Avia Nereidum peragro loca, saxaque vasto
Circumfusa mari, sævis objecta procellis
Undique, et Australi sub sidere dissita longè.

Insula parva quidem est, latuitque incognita quondam,
Donec Ulyssipolis navale Tagique fluenta
Linquentes Nautæ, post dira pericula ponti

Vix tandem incolumes tenuerunt: tum, quia festo
Visa die est Helenes, Helenæ de nomine Terram
Dixerunt; nunc est productum nomen, Helēna.

Insula parva quidem, et nullos habitura colonos,
Ni procul a terris aliis, penitusque remota,
Opportuna foret lassis succurrere nautis,
Et requiem præbere brevem; namque omnia circum
Aspera sunt, nulloque hominum subigenda labore,
Sed tetra aspectu, et nigrantibus horrida saxis.
Utque Giganteo certamine credere fas est
Montesque scopulosque, quibus conscendere cœlum
Tentabant, Jovis irati sub fulmine et igne

Disjectos, jacuisse atrâ informique ruina ;
Sic etiam hæc convulsa adeo confusaque Tellus
Stat, veluti ostendens dirupti rudera mundi.

Hæc Terræ est facies, Pelagi neque mitior ora,
Vix uno portu modicis adeunda carinis :
Cætera, præcisis saxis circumundique cincta,
Navibus accessum negat, exitiumque minatur.

At quamvis sit triste solum, sit inhospita circum
Ora maris, tamen omnino contemnere nolis ;
Quippe coercendis Captivis non magis aptus
Est locus, aut toto custodia tutior orbe.
Non tali regione fuit, neque carcere septus

Ille, Tomitano qui flebilis Exul in agro
Fœmineas misera fundebat voce querelas :
Nec tam munito latebrosa Siberia claustro
Constringit Sontes, qui, propter crimina missi
Exilium in durum, per devia lustra ferarum
Errantes victum quærunt, multoque labore
Sollicitam tolerant vitam, quamvis ibi circum
Sepserit acris Hyems altæ nivis aggere terram,
Captivosque premat glaciali indagine cinctos.

Et certè nullo nec tempore nec regione
Vir talis tantusque severo carcere vixit
Inclusus, qualem nunc insula claudit Helēna ;
Carcer captivo, et Captivus carcere dignus.

Illic Cyrneii Proles vesana parentis
Felix Prædo jacet, Bonaparte, haud utile mundo
Editus exemplum, terras tot posse sub uno
Esse viro. Cyrni fines, latebrasque suorum
Deseruit, fatale malum, fulmenque quod omnes
Percuteret pariter populos, et sidus iniquum
Gentibus, et monstrum non aversabile votis.
Quinctiam Oceano classes inferre parabat;
Isset in occasus, mundi devexa secutus,
Ambissetque polos: victrixque Britannia solùm
Hunc potuit finem vesano ponere Regi.

Ergo nunc tempus lætos agitare triumphos,
Tristia quandoquidem cessarunt bella per orbem;

Et, bello cessante, redit Pax optima terris,

Et secura Quies, jamtandem Pace reducta,

Salvaque Libertas, domito occlusoque Tyranno.

In this Poem ten lines together (a few words excepted) are taken from an eminent Latin classic; which the writer mentions to avoid the imputation of plagiarism, but presumes not to point them out to the learned reader.

ON

CAPT. SIR M. MURRAY,

WOUNDED AT THE WESTMINSTER ELECTION.

QUEM neque Mars potuit, neque mox Neptunus in
undis,
Illisa scopulo nave, domare virum,
Hunc ignota manus vulnusque ignobile stravit
Tentantem offenso sistere se populo.
Quid tibi cum populo tali in certamine, Nauta?
Horridior Marte est, surdior est scopulis.
At qui Te immeritum posuit discrimine tali,
Quam vellem Is tali vulnere concideret!

AMNESTIA INFIDA.

Heus Tu, tyrannica aucte nunc potentia!
Adverte mentem, et memineris quid dixerit
Orator, olim commonens Antonium *.
" Judicia non times; ob innocentiam
" Si non times, hoc laudo; sin quod es potens,
" Nec lege vinctus non times, nescis ei
" Quid sit timendum, illo modo qui non timet?"
Id crede dictum his qui sibi prætenderint,
Crudeliter quod egerint, Amnestiam,
Et facta iniqua lege iniqua munient.

* Cic. Phil. 2. § 45.

PSALM CXIV.

Ægypti terram linquens Domus Israëlis
Haud sine divino numine carpit iter.
En Pontus fugit aspiciens, Jordanus et ipse
Ad fontem versis usque recurrit aquis.
Tum quoque, ut exsultant agni prolesve caprarum,
Sic scopuli et montes exiliere loco.
Cur tu, Ponte, fugis? cur tu, Jordane, recurris?
Cur scopuli et montes exiliere loco?
Omniparens mater Tellus, tun' quo duce nescis
Insolitum hæc faciat gens iter? Ipsa treme,

Præsentemque agnosce Deum, qui flumen arenis
Edidit, et silices fundere jussit aquam:
Cui placuit populum loca per deserta regenti
Tandem in promissa sede locare suum.

PSALM CXXXIII.

Quale sodalitium fraternos inter amores
Ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ !
Gratius unguento est, quo summi incana madescens
Barba Sacerdotis late diffundit odores.
Talis ab arce tua, Sion, diffunditur aura,
Sacro thure gravis, siquando roscidus Hermon
Verticibus depasta suis armenta gregesque
Mittit adurandos excelsa ad Templa Jehovæ,
Unde salus terris promissa ac vita perennis.

PSALM CXXXVII.

JAM pridem captiva altum Babylonis ad amnem
  Turba sedebamus fixa dolore gravi;
Ad salices juxta pendebant cymbala nostra,
  Et fractæ chelyes, et sine voce lyræ;
Dum ferus illudens Victor cantare jubebat,
  Eja Sionæum jam resonate melos.
Quî terra procul a patria cantabimus ægri?
  Possumus hic nostrum jam resonare melos?
O Solymæ suaves, O nomen dulce Sionis,

Si quando vestrûm non memor esse velim,
Tum mea lingua, precor, sit muta et fixa palato,
Fiat et ad solitos dextera inepta modos!
At Tu crudelis Babylon, quæ duriter in nos
Nunc sævis, nostris læta feroxque malis,
Haud impune feres: O sit, precor, ille beatus
Qui caput in vestrum hoc triste rependet opus:
Qui natos aut ense tuos sine more trucidet,
Aut duro illidat membra tenella solo.

IN OBITUM SENIS ACADEMICI, THOMÆ PRYOR, ARMIGERI.

Ουδ' Οδυνης βελος οξυ δαμασσε νιν, ȣδε νοσημα
Λυσιμελες κατεϊηξε ταλαιπωρῃ διασηψει·
Ηλθε δε δη Θανατος μαλακῳ εικασμενος ὑπνῳ
Ομματα και θελξας, την ψυχην εξεκλοπευσεν.

IN OBITUM J. N. OXONIENSIS, 1783.

Πολλα ποθ' ὑβρισθεις, και σκωμματα πολλ' υπομεινας,

Ως ατοπως διαγων τον βιον, ηδ' αλογως,

Ωλετ' Ιωαννης θειῳ χειμωνι νοσησας·

Ουκετ' ονειδιζειν κειμενον, αλλ' ελεειν.

Bene est cui Deus dederit
Parca quod satis est manu.

Hor. Lib. 3. Od. 16.

Οικον μεν τινα ναιω

Στεινον, πηλοδομον, καλαμοστεφη,

Ω κ' επιβριθονται

Παντοιων ανεμων θυελλαι,

Ομβρος τε, βροντη τε Διος,

Εκπαγλως φθεγξασα

Χειμεριαις εν ωραις·

Εγγυς τε ποντος,

Επιβρεμων επακτιαις πετραισιν,

Ασπετον ηχον ορωρει·

Εγω δ' ὁμως εκηλος ωδε παρμενω

Συν φιλοισι τεκεσσι,

Μεσῃ τε φιλῃ.

January, 1791.

ΕΙΣ ΚΟΣΣΥΦΟΝ.

Αντι τεϐ μελεος, φιλε Κοσσυφε, ϖοικιλοτραυλϐ
Ισθ' εν εμῳ κηπῳ, παντοσε καρπ'οφαγος.
Ατρεμας εσθε, ξεινε, τα μεν κομαρα δροσοεντα,
Και συκϐς θερινϐς, πορφυρεοντε βοτρυν.
Αλλα ποθεις ταχ' εκεινα τα μηλα (φερ', ως καλον οζει)
Και ταδε σαυτῳ εχοις, σφηκας απωσαμενος.
Των δ'αυ των κερασων περιφειδεο, πειναλεος περ,
Τηρησας γαρ εχω Φυλλιδι δωρα ταδε.

Ει δ' αρα τωνδε φαγης, τοδε δεινοτατον σοι απειλω,

(Οιδα γαρ εν δαφναις τεκνα σα κευθομενα)

Ταυτα γε, παντ' αφελων, καλιης αμα, Φυλλιδι δωσω,

Αντ' εδανων καρπων δωμα νεοσσοκομον.

Αλλα συγ', ω δυστηνε, κινυρομενος περι παιδων,

Φωνησεις τι κυκνων ηδιον οιχομενων.

INSCRIPTIO IN HORTO AUCTORIS APUD ALTON IN COM. WILT.

M. S.
GULIELMI CROWE,
SIGNIF. LEG. IV.
QUI CECIDIT IN ACIE,
8 DIE JAN. A. D. 1815. ÆT. S. 21.

HANC Ego quam felix annis melioribus Ulmum
Ipse manu sevi, Tibi, dilectissime Fili,
Consecro in æternum, Gulielme; vocabitur Arbos
Hæc Tua, servabitque Tuum per sæcula nomen.
Te, generose Puer, nil muneris hujus egentem,
Te, jam perfunctum belli vitæque labore,

Respexit Deus, et cælestibus intulit oris.

Me tamen afflictum, me consolabitur ægrum,

Hoc Tibi quod solvo, quamquam leve, pignus amoris.

Quinetiam assidue hic veniam, lentæque senectæ

De Te, dulce Caput, meditando, tempora ducam:

Sæpe Tuam recolens formam, moresque decentes,

Dictaque, tum sancto et sapienti corde profecta,

Tum festiva quidem, et vario condita lepore.

Id mihi nunc solamen erit dum vita manebit.

Tu vero, quicunque olim successeris Hæres

Sedibus his, oro, mœsti reverere Parentis;

Nec tu sperne preces quas hac super Arbore fundo.

Sit tibi non invisa, sit inviolata securi,

Et, quantum Natura sinet, crescat, monumentum

Egregii Juvenis, qui sævo est Marte peremptus,

Fortiter ob patriam pugnando: sic Tibi constans

Sit fortuna domus, sit nulli obnoxia damno;

Nec videas unquam jucundi funera Nati.

EPICEDIUM.

HENRICUS CROWE, GEORGII FILIUS, AUCTORIS NEPOS MORTUUS EST IN AFRICA, JUXTA CARTHAGINEM, A. D. 1826. ÆT. S. 2.

BREVI POST MORTEM EJUS MATER ENIXA EST FILIAM MATILDAM.

TALIS eras Henrice, ut non mage pulcher Julus
Ille fuit, quem Diva Venus * (modo credere fas sit)
Raptum ex hisce locis olim longeque remotum
Idalio in luco mollique recondidit umbra;
Illius inque locum dulcem submisit Amorem,
Ne pater amissum graviter lugeret, at ipsum

* Vid. Virg. Æn. 1.

Falleret assimilis nato forma atque figura :
A nobis Te, chare Puer, sic Fata tulerunt,
Inque vicem dederunt pulchram dulcemque Matildam,
Quæ Te, Henrice, refert oculis atque ore venusto.

DE SEIPSO

MANDATUM AUCTORIS.

Hoc ubicunque cadet jaceat (modo sede sacrata)
Magno nec luctu dignum neque funere corpus.
Nec tumuli sit cura mei, neque carmina posco
Quæ poterunt nomenque meum famamque peren-
nem

In tumulo servare; quid autem fama juvabit
Posthuma, terrarum quamvis impleverit orbem?
Spiritus alta petens cœli de vertice terras
Despiciet, curasque hominum ridebit inanes.

THE END.

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